



S. Gribelin in: et delin.

Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon
Earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. Psal. 73. ver. 25.

NOT COM



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NOT COM

Miscellanea Sacra :

O R,

P O E M S

O N

Divine & Moral

S U B J E C T S.

Collected by *N. Tate*, Servant to His
M A J E S T Y.

*'Tis not that which First we Love,
But what Dying we approve.*

Mr. Waller.

1685

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Hen. Playford* in the *Temple-Charge*,
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TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS

ANNE OF DENMARK

MADAM,

THE Reformation of
Poetry, and Restoring
the *Muses* to the Service of
the Temple, is a Glorious
Work, and requires a Patro-
ness, whose transcendent
Quality and Virtues can give
A 1 San-

Sanction to what she is pleased to favour.

'Twas therefore my Duty as well as Ambition, to present these pious Compo-sures to your Royal High-ness's Protection ; which , like an Altar, should only be approach'd with Religi-ous Offerings.

A Book design'd for Pub-lick Benefit, cannot want Encouragement from a Prin-cess who declines no Op-portunity of doing Good.

Piety,

Piety, Madam, has appear'd in all your Actions and Deportment, with such prevailing Charms, as have engaged many to become her Votaries, even in so deprav'd an Age as This.

Your Royal Brest is the Sacred Court where the Graces and Virtues have their respective Stations, and where Charity has her Throne.-----But Madam, 'twould be Presumption for any Pen to attempt your

A 3

Panc.

Panegyrick, as it is written
in the Souls and Sentiments
of All who are Admirers of
exemplary and accomplish'd
Worth.

Although 'tis the Tran-
sport of pious Minds to Con-
template that exalted State
of Glory, Reserv'd for you
in the Regions of Eternal
Happiness: Yet, Madam,
in Pity to an Age where
your Pattern and Presence
are so Necessary, Your long
and prosperous Continuance
Here, is the National Wish,
from

from the Great to the Mean-
est, and amongst them, the
Prayer of,

Maddam,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

most humble, and

Obedient Servant,

N. Tarc.

A 4

PRE.

from the Great to the Mean.
~~and amongst them the~~

Prayer of
PREFACE
Marian

THE Preamble to the
Act of 1792, which
came on Divine and Moral
Subjects, can give us no
four and five hundred
Vices; and the law for pro-
tecting them.

The Religion and Morals
are the objects of all the En-
lightenment of Liberty, Justice
and Confidence in the Suffrage and
Representation of all
all ages. A + P.R.F.

W.A.

PREFACE.

THE Publishing an Annual Miscellany of Poems, on Divine and Moral Subjects, can displease no Persons who have any respect for Virtue ; and She has few profest Enemies.

That Religion and Morality are capable of all the Embellishments of Poetry, has been confirmed by the Suffrage and Performance of best Poets in all Ages.

'Tis

'Tis there the Muses breath
their native Air. After all
their Prodigious pursuits of Va-
nity; 'Tis thither they must
come, to recover Strength and
Beauty, to appear like Them-
selves, in a Dress that is Suita-
ble to their Quality.

Those are only to be accoun-
ted legitimate Off-springs of
Wit, which are useful to the
World, or, at least, Inoffensive.
For such Births which the
Muse that conceiv'd them can-
not look upon with Satisfaction,
should be excluded the Favour
and Patronage of noble Minds.

Cui

—Cui non ristre Parentes
Nec Deus hunc Mensa, Dea nec dignata
[Cubili est.

Perhaps there is no Talent
or Genius more capable of be-
ing serviceable to Mankind,
than That of Poetry. But 'tis
the Misfortune of that generous
Soil to be over-run with poison-
ous Weeds, and thin stockt
with wholesome Plants. Other-
wise, I had not inserted in this
Collection any of my own Es-
says. Neither will I pretend
those from other Hands to be,
All of 'em, choicest in their Kind.

How.

However, they had, generally, the private Approbation, and many of them the Applause of able Judges. Some of 'em carry their Sanction in the Names of their Authors; such as Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Fuller, Earl of Roscommon, and Others. Several also amongst the Anonymous will approve themselves to come from Eminent Hands. Amongst which the Ladies may have the Entertainment to find, that our Age and Country have produc'd more than One Orinda.

In

In so good a Design, 'Tis
hop'd, the Ingenious will time-
ly supply a second Freight, and
Pardon what they think de-
fective in this first Adven-
ture.

Youthful Minds will have
their Diversions, where Poe-
try comes in for no small
Share. 'Tis therefore a Pub-
lick Service to furnish them
with such as may be instructive,
and entertain their Fancy,
without viciating their Mo-
rals. For which Reason the
Encouraging a Book of this
Na-

ture is the Interest of all Parents and Masters of Families; who are best Obey'd, in Both Capacities, when their Children and Servants have a Sense of Piety. Nay, Religious Poetry may be one Means of reclaiming even profligate Persons, by its insinuating Charms, in the Sweetness of its Streins, and Harmony of its Numbers, according to that of our divine Herbert,

A Verse may take him who a Sermon
flies,

And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

A

If Verse has such Allurements, they will doubtless exert themselves most happily on Divine and Moral Subjects, which naturally excite all the innocent Passions of our Minds. Nothing furnishes the Fancy with more charming Ideas and Imagry. No other Topicks or Occasions suggest such exalted Notions and Sentiments; nor is any Thing capable of nobler Expression: Which, (I think) are all the Requisites a Poet can desire. He will certainly find the Holy Scriptures his best Magazine, of which Writings

tings Mr. Cowley has truly
asserted, That They are, al-
ready, either the most ac-
complish'd Pieces of Poetry
in the World, or the best
Materials for it.

POEMS,

P O E M S

DIVINE and MORAL

S U B J E C T S.

A Morning HTMN, by Dr. Fuller, formerly Bishop of Lincoln.

Thou wakeful Shepherd that dost Israel
Rais'd by thy Goodness from the Bed
(of sleep,

To Thee I offer up this Hymn,

As my best Morning Sacrifice,

Like grateful Incense may it Rise,

And raise me, with it, from the bed of Sin.

And do I live another day to view

O! let me with the Day, my Thanks renew,

And by its Light, thy righteous Paths pursue.

Could I redeem the Time I have mispent
In senseless Scenes of sinful Merriment ;

Such Exemplary Penitence
I'd practise for each past Offence,
That ev'n the Innocent
Should ^{most} ~~always~~ with themselves like me,
When with such Crimes they such Repentance see.

SUBJECT 2

An Evening HYMN, By

Ezr. Simson.

Another Day is past—But can I say,
That I have Liv'd, not lost another Day?
For Days and Years, if spent in vain,
Can never to Life's Summ amount.

'Tis only adding to Death's black Account ;
And must be Reckon'd for again.

Thou Setting Sun, witness all
Art Witness how I've been employ'd

If One good Action I have done
Worthy the Light that I this Day enjoy'd ;

Thou

Thou seest my conscious Fears,
 Therefore, kind Planet, let thy Dying Beams,
 Before they sink in Western Streams,

Set fire in my Repenting Tears.

That when thy Lustre is withdrawn

From these benighted Eyes,

To cheer my Soul a fairer Dawn

And brighter Sun of Righteousness may Rise:

The Sun, who only can send forth a Ray,

That makes the Morning to Eternal Day.

A Crown and Robe cannot buy

For by the power of his Blood

The riches of his Grace are sold

A Treasure not like other Wealth

That's liable to rust or decay

For this is the gift of God

By which he gives us life and grace

And in his Covenant will stay

Till by the Own he's shown away

Original Bargain, which we sell
 For Gold and Silver, and for all

N. I. for 4. B. 2

INNOCENCE

Or the Inestimable Gemm.

Written by a Young Lady.

WHAT'S Innocence ? — A brighter Gemm,
 Than e'er enriches a Diadem ;
 A Gemm' that bears a Price so high,
 As Crowns and Empires cannot Buy.
 Yet by the poorest Mortal's Brest
 This matchless Treasure is possess'd,
 A Treasure not like other Wealth,
 That's liable to Fraud or Stealth ;
 No Soul of this can be bereft
 By open Force, or secret Theft ;
 Safe in it's Cabinet 'twill stay,
 Till by the Owner thrown away.

O dismal Bargain, when for Sin we sell
 This Gemm ! 'Tis Life for Death, and Heav'n
 for Hell,

By

By Dr. Fuller.

LOrd what is Man, lost Man, that thou
shou'd'st be

So mindful of him, that the Son of God
Should quit his Glory, his Divine Abode,
To be on Earth a poor Afflicted Man?
The Deity contracted to a Span!
And that for me (O wondrous Love) for me!
Reveal, ye glorious Spirits, when ye knew
The way the Son of God took to renew
Lost Man, Your vacant Places to supply,

Blest Spirits tell,

Which did Excel,

Which was more prevalent,

Your Joy, or your Astonishment?

That for a Worm, a God should Dye!

Oh! for a Quill drawn from your Wing,

To write the Praises of th' Eternal Love,

Oh! for a Voice, like Yours, to sing

That *Antiphon* here, which once you sung Above.

By the same Hand.

IN the black dismal Dungeon of Despair,
 Pin'd with a Tormenting Care,
 Wrackt with my Fears,
 Drown'd in my Tears,
 With dreadful Expectation of my Doom,
 And certain horrid Judgments soon to come,
 Lord, here I lie,
 Lost to all hope of Liberty,
 Hence never to remove,
 But by a Miracle of Love,
 Which I scarce dare to hope, much less expect,
 Being guilty of so great, so long Neglect.
 Fool, that I was, worthy a sharper Rod,
 To slight thy Courtings, O my God!
 For thou didst Woo, Intreat and Grieve,
 Didst beg me to be happy and to Live,
 But I would not, I chose to dwell
 With Death, too far from thee, too near to Hell.
 But is there no Redemption, no Relief?
 Thou say'st a Murd'rer and a Thief.

Thy

Thy Mercy Lord once more advance,
 And give, O give me such a Glance
 As *Peter* had ; thy sweet kind Chiding Look
 Will change my Heart, as it did melt that Rock ;
 Look on me, *Jesus*, as thou didst on him,
 'Tis more than to Create, this to Redeem.

By the same Hand.

HOW have I stray'd, my God ! where have I
 I been,

Since first I wander'd in the maze of Sin ?

Lord I have been I know not where,

So intricate Youths Follies are :

Age hath its Labyrinths, and Mazes too,

But neither hath a wife returning Clue,

Thy Look, thy Call to me

Shall my far better *Ariadne* be.

Hark, I hear my Shepherd call away,

And in a kind complaining Accent, say,

Why does my Soul thus stray ?

O blessed Voice,
 That prompts me to new Choice!
 And fain, dear Shepherd, would I come
 But I can find no Track
 To lead me back;
 And if I still go on, I am undone!
 'Tis thou, O Lord, must bring me home,
 Or, point me out, at least, the way,
 For ah! poor Souls have thousand ways to stray,
 Yet to return, alas, but One.

H T M N.

O H! that mine Eyes wou'd melt into a
 Flood,
 That I might plunge in Tears for Thee,
 As thou didst Swim in Blood to ransom me.
 Oh! that this fleshly Limbeck would begin
 To drop a Tear for every Sin!
 See how his Arms are spread,
 To entertain Death's welcome Bands;
 Behold his bowing Head,

His

His bleeding Hands!

His oft repeated Stripes, his wounded Side !
 Hark how he Groans, remember how he Cry'd ;
 The very Heavens put weeds of Mourning on,
 The solid Rocks in sunder rent ;
 And yet this Heart, this Stone, could not relent.
 Hard-hearted Man, to weep alone deny'd ;
 Hard-hearted Man, for whom alone he Dy'd.

The Passing-Bell.

Come honest Sexton, take thy Spade,
 And let my Grave be quickly made :
 Thou still art ready for the Dead,
 Like a kind Host, to make my Bed.
 I now am come to be thy Guest,
 Let me in some Dark Lodging rest,
 For I am weary, full of pain,
 And of my Pilgrimage complain.
 On Heavens Decree I waiting lye,
 And all my wishes are to dye.
 Hark I hear my Passing-Bell,
 Farewel, my loving Friends, Farewel ;

2 Make

Make my cold Bed (good Sexton) deep,
 That my poor Bones may safely sleep;
 Until that sad and joyful Day,
 When from Above a Voice shall say,
Wake all ye Dead, lift up your Eyes,
The Great Creator bids you Rise.

Then do I hope, among the Just,
 To shake off this Polluted Dust;
 And with new Robes of Glory dress'd,
 To have access among the Blest.
 Hark I hear my Passing-Bell,
 Farewel my loving Friends, Farewel.

JOB'S

JOB'S CURSE.

By Dr. JEREMY TAYLOR.

LET the Night perish, Cursed be the Morn
Wherein 'twas said there is a Man-Child
born.

Let not the Lord regard that Day, but shroud
It's fatal Glory in some fullen Cloud.
May the dark shades of an Eternal Night
Exclude the least kind beam of dawning Light,
Let unknown Babes as in the Womb they lye,
If it be mention'd, give a Groan and Dye.
No sounds of Joy therein shall charm the Ear,
No Sun, no Moon, no Twi-light Stars appear,
But a thick Vail of gloomy Darkness wear.
Why did I not, when first my Mothers Womb
Discharg'd me thence, drop down into my
Tomb?

Then had I been at quiet : and mine Eyes
Had slept and seen no Sorrow ; there the wise
And subtil Councillor, the Potentate,
Who for themselves built Palaces of State,
Lie hush'd in silence ; there's no Mid-night Cry
Caus'd by Oppressive Tyranny

Of

Of Wicked Rulers ; There the Weary cease
 From Labour, there the Prisoner sleeps in Peace,
 The Rich, the Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave,
 Rest undisturb'd, and no Distinction have
 Within the silent Chambers of the Grave.

The Words by a Young Lady.

There's no disturbance in the Heavens
 above,
 And heavenly Souls do nothing else but Love ;
 No Anger, no Remorse, no Discontent,
 Can seize a Soul that's truly Innocent,
 And aims at nought, but that she may combine
 With all she finds, like to her self, Divine :
 And seeing Things in such Confusion hurl'd
 Does not contend with, but despise the World.

A Dialogue between two Penitents.

1 *Pr.* **H** Ark how the wakeful cheerful Cock
The Villagers Astrologer,
Clapping his Wings, proclaims the Day,
And chides thy Sleep and Night away.

2 *Pr.* I hear and thank my kind Remem-
ber,

Flow, flow, my Tears, O when will you begin?
St. Peter's Bird Reproves St. Peter's Sin.

1 *P.* Complaining Man, hast thou thy
Christ deny'd?

2 *Pr.* Wo's me I have done more than Peter did
With less Excuse, and many ways beside,
Ev'n since my Christ was glorify'd;
And this, alas, too oft, alas, more, more than
thrice,

As often as I Chose, and Wou'd a Vice,
Or brutish Lust (to be Abhor'd)
Rejected Jesu, my dear Lord.

1 *Pr.* O my sad Heart! if that be to deny,
None ought to weep more Floods than I!

When

When to receive into my Heart a Sin,
I thrust my Jesu out, and took it in.

But Lord, how oft he came, and being deny'd }
How dolefully he cry'd, { Dy'd!
Why dost thou use me thus, who for thee

2 Pr. Methinks, I hear him Call too from
the Tree,

Ungrateful Wretch, were these Wounds made
for Thee,

Who both deny'dst me and betray'd me too?

For every wanton Kiss,

A very *Judas* is,

And each malicious Thought a spiteful *Jew*.

1 Pr. If Sins do now what cruel *Jews* did
then,

Wound him afresh and Crucify again,

Then we, alas, have his Tormentors been,

And by each vile deliberate Deed,

We make his Wounds afresh to bleed,

His Pain as various as our Sin.

2 Pr. True, for my Doubts do bind his Hands,
my Pride

Does first disrobe him, then deride;

I spit upon him by my Blasphemy,
 And Scourge him by my Cruelty ;
 My prophane Tears become the Thorns
 That pierc'd his Head with Scorns.

And my Hypocrisy. 1st. Pr. Stay !
 To what prodigious height our Sins amount !

Ev'ry Unkindness is a Dart,
 The Spear that wounds his very Heart !

Christ could bear any thing but this !

Both. Since then, the Cause of both our
 Grief's the same,

Mix we our Tears, for Grief let's Dye,

'Tis just we ask our own, who caus'd his Tra-
 gedy.

Upon

Upon a Quiet Conscience. By K. Charles I.

Close thine Eyes and sleep secure,
 Thy Soul is safe, thy Body sure;
 He that guards thee, he that keeps,
 Never slumbers never sleeps.
 A quiet Conscience, in a quiet Breast,
 Has only Peace, has only Rest:
 The Musick and the Mirth of Kings,
 Are out of Tune, unless she sings.
 Then close thine Eyes in Peace, and rest secure,
 No sleep so sweet as Thine, no Rest so sure.

A Dialogue betwixt Dives and Abraham:

"Ibid"
D. **H**elp Father *Abraham*, help for Mercies
 sake,
 Behold my Torments in this burning Lake;
 Send *Lazarus* with Whirlwinds that he may
 These flames of melting Sulphur fan away.

A.

A. What Son of Hell and Darkness dare
molest

This awful Saint, scarce warm yet on my
Breast?

D. 'Tis I, great *Mammon's* equal, one whose lot
Alas is only now, —

Abr. I know thee not,

D. Father, 'tis *Dion*, 'tis thy Son, 'tis I,
Who Purpled ore fed once deliciously.

A. And canst thou now his Charity implore
Whom thou sawest lately at thy Flinty Door,
Begging for Crums, those Crums that fell beside
Thy ore-charg'd Table, and was then deny'd?
Vain Soul.

D. Some pity take.

H. Remember Son

Thy Dogs had pity on him, thou hadst none.

D. Yet they were mine reliev'd him, O, in lieu;
Let him vouchsafe me but a little Dew
To cool my Tongue.

A. Not the least drop of Grace
Can ever enter that forsaken Place.

vdT

C

D. Then

D. Then send him to my Brethren, lest they
come

To feel the weight of my Eternal Doom.

A. They've *Moses* and the *Prophets*.

D. True, but they

May yet a *Summons* from the *Dead* obey.

A. If to convert them *Sion's* Thunder fail,

A *Summons* from the *Dead* will ne'er prevail.

When once *Death's* fatal *Hand* has shut the
Door,

The *Gates of Mercy* never open more.

SOLILOQUY.

1. **D**EAR Saviour, oh! what ails this Heart?

Sure 'tis of *Stone*, it cannot smart,

Nor yet *Relent* the *Death* of thee,

Whose *Death* alone could ransom me.

Can I behold thy *Pains* so great,

Thine *Agony*, thy *bloody* *Swear*,

Thy *Back* with *Whips* and *Scourges* torn,

Thy *Sacred* *Temples* *Crown'd* with *Thorn*,

Thy

Thy Veins and Nerves extended wide,
Thy panting Heart, thy bleeding Side;
Thy Hands and Feet nail'd to the Wood,
And all thy Body drown'd in Blood;
Canst thou pour forth such Streams for me;
And I not drop one Tear for Thee?

2. Yet tender-hearted I can cry,
To see **Romanick** Heroes dye,
And **Priam's** Fall commands my Eyes,
As Great **Eliu** did the Skies;
Nay, a false Fable that can start,
And call up Sorrow from my Heart;
A Player too, that dies in jest,
Can raise a Tempest in my breast:
But here when I should grieve indeed,
Nor am I touch'd, nor can I bleed;
Heart! how I fear by this alone
There's something in me worse than Stone.

3. Behold!—See how this dismal sight
Put the whole World into a fright,

The Graves did open, and the Dead,
 Rose from their Tombs and Marble Bed,
 Earth did with Anguish shake again,
 Convulsions felt in ev'ry Vein;
 Th' amazed Sun withdrew his light,
 Transforming Day to darkeſt Night.
 The Temple's Vail in twain was Rent,
 The ſtony Rocks in ſunder went;
 The Murthrer did this Death bemoan,
 And pitying it, forgot his own!
 Down ſtupid ſtoutneſs, elſe 'tis true,
 Th' art worſe than Murthrer, worſe than
 Lord of thy Mercy work a Wonder,
 Cleave this obdurate Heart in ſunder.

PSALM the CIV.

By Mr. Tate.

Part the First.

1. **B**less God, my Soul, thou God alone,
 Possessest Empire without bounds,
 With Honour thou art Crown'd, thy Throne
 Eternal Majesty surrounds.

2. With Light thou dost thy self enrobe,
 And Glory for a Garment take;
 Heaven's Curtains stretcht beyond the Globe,
 Thy Canopy of State to make.

3. He builds on Liquid Fire, and forms
 His Palace Chambers in the Skies,
 The Clouds his Chariot are, and Storms
 The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.

4. Spirits he made his heavenly Quire,
 With speed his Orders to fulfil,
 His Ministers a flaming Fire
 To execute his dreadful Will.

5, 6. Earth on her Center fixt he set,
 Her Face with Waters over-spread,

Nor proudest Mountains dar'd as yet
To lift above the Waves their head.

7. But when thy Thunder's Voice went forth,
The frighted Floods dispers'd away,
Engulf'd in Caverns of the Earth,
And panting in her Bosom lay.

8. Thence up by secret tracts they creep,
And gushing from the Mountains side
Through Valleys travel to the Deep,
Appointed to receive their Tide.

9. There hast thou fixt the Ocean bounds,
Her threatening Surges to repel,
That she no more transgress her mounds,
Nor to a second Deluge swell.

Part the Second.

10. Yet thence in smaller Parties drawn,
The Sea recovers her lost Hills,
And starting springs from every Lawn,
Surprise the Vales in plenteous Rills.

11. The Ox unyok'd is thither led,
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought,
And Asses on wild Mountains bred
Have sense to find those Currents out.

12. There shady Trees, from scorching Beams,
Yield Mansions to the Feather'd Throng,
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
Return the Tribute of their Song.

(recruit,
13. His Rains from Heaven parch'd Hills
That soon transmit the Liquid Store,
Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.

14. Grass for our Cattle to devour,
He makes the self same Soil produce ;
And Herbs endu'd with Sovereign Power,
For Man that knows their Sovereign Use.

15. With cluster'd Grapes he crowns the Vine
Whose Nectar Mortal Cares subdue
Gives Oyl that makes our Face to shine,
And Bread that wasted Strength renews.

Part the Third.

16. The Trees of God, without the Care
Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed ;
The Mountain Cedar looks as fair,
As those in Royal Gardens bred.

17. Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms
The Wanderers o' th' Air may rest;
The Hospitable Pine from harms
Protects the Stork, her pious Guest.

18. Wild-Goats the craggy Rocks ascend,
Its towering height their Fortrefs make,
Whole Cells in Labyrinths extend,
Where feeblér Creatures Refuge take.

19. The Moon's inconstant Aspect shews
The appointed Seasons of the Year ;
The Instructed Sun his duty knows,
His Hours to Rise, and Disappear.

20, 21. Darknèss he makes the Day to shroud,
When Forest Beasts securely stray,
Young Lyons Roar their Wants aloud
To Providence that sends 'em Prey.

22. They Range all Night on Slaughter bent,
Till, summon'd by the Rising Morn,
To sculking Dens, with one Consent,
The conscious Ravagers return.

23. Forth to the Tillage of his Soil
The Husbandman securely goes;

Com-

Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
With him returns to his repose.

24. How various (Lord) thy Works are found?
For which thy Wisdom we Adore:
The Earth is with thy Treasure Crown'd,
Till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

The Fourth Part.

25. But still Thy vast unfathom'd Main
Of Wonders a new Scene supplies;
Whose Depths Inhabitants contain
Of ev'ry Form, and ev'ry Size.

26. The Gallant Ship there cuts her way,
Waited along by gazing Shoals:
Leviathan has room to play,
And like a Floating Island rows.

27. These various Troops of Sea and Land
In sense of common Want agree;
All wait on Thy dispensing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from Thee.

28. They gather what Thy Stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide:

Thou

Thou op'ft thy Hand——the Universe,
The Craving World, is all supply'd.

29. Thou for a Moment hid'ft thy Face,
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures Mourn :
Thou tak'ft their Breath,—all Nature's Race
Forthwith to Mother Dust return.

30. Again, Thou fend'ft thy Spirit forth,
T' inspire the Mass with Vital Seed ;
Nature's Restor'd, and Parent Earth
Smiles on her New-Created Breed.

31. Thus through successive Ages, stands
Firm fix'd thy Providential Care ;
Pleas'd with the Works of Thy own Hands,
Thou dost the Wastes of Time repair.

32. He darted forth a wrathful Look,
The trembling Earth Convulsions felt ;
He toucht the Mountains, they did smoke,
And Rocks before his Lightning melt.

33, 34 In praising him, whilst he prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ ;
And join Devotion to my Songs,
Sincere, as is in him my Joy.

35. While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
 My Soul praise thou his Holy Name;
 Till, with thy Song, the listning World
 Join Consort, and his Praise proclaim.

The Evening HYMN.

NOW that the Sun hath veil'd his Light,
 And bid the World good Night;
 To the soft Bed my Body I dispose,
 But where shall my Soul repose?
 Dear God, even in thy Arms, and can there be
 Any so sweet Security!
 Then to thy Rest, O my Soul, and singing, praise
 The Mercy that prolongs thy Days.
 Hallelujah.

On our SAVIOUR's Passion.

EArth trembled, and Heaven's closing Eye
 Was loath to see the Lord of Glory Dye!
 The Skies were clad in Mourning, & the Sphears
 Forgot their Harmony;—
 The Clouds dropt Tears.

Th' ambitious Dead arose to give him Room,
 And ev'ry Grave op'd wide to be his Tomb.
 Th' impatient Temple rent her Vale in Two,
 To teach our Hearts, what our sad Hearts
 should do.

Can senseless Things do This, and shall not I
 Melt One poor Drop to see my Saviour Dye!
 Drill forth my Tears, and trickle One by One,
 Till you have pierc'd this Heart of Mine, this
 Stone!

The

The PENITENT, *by* Dr. Je-
remy Taylor.

Lord I have sinn'd, and the black Number
swells

To such a dismal Sum,
That should my Stony Heart and Eyes,
And this whole sinful Trunk a Flood become,
And melt to Tears, their drops could not suffice
To count my Score,

Much less to pay:
But Thou, my God, hast Blood in store,
Yet, since the Balsom of thy Blood,
Although it can, will do no Good,
Unless the Wound be cleans'd in Tears before;
Thou in whose sweet, but pensive Face,
Laughter cou'd never steal a Place,
Teach but my Heart and Eyes
To melt away,
And then one Drop of Balsom will suffice.

Th.

The Blessed VIRGIN'S
EXPOSTULATION,

*When our Saviour at Twelve Years of Age
 had withdrawn Himself, Luke. c. 2. v. 42.*

By N. Tate.

Tell me some pitying Angel, quickly say
 Where does my Soul's sweet Darling stray;
 In Tygers, or more cruel Herod's Way?
 O! rather let his tender Foot-steps press
 Unguarded through the Wilderness,
 Where milder Salvages resort;
 The Desert's safer than a Tyrant's Court.
 Why, fairest Object of my Love,
 Why dost Thou from my longing Eyes remove?
 Was it a waking Dream that did foretel
 Thy wondrous Birth? No Vision from Above?
 Where's Gabriel now that visited my Cell?
 I call——He comes not——flatt'ring Hopes,
 Farewel.

Me

Me *Judah's* Daughters once Caref'd,
 Call'd me of Mother's the most Blest ;
 Now (fatal Change!) of Mother, most distress'd!
 How shall my Soul its Motions guide,
 How shall I stem the various Tide,
 Whilst Faith and Doubt my lab'ring Thoughts
 divide ?
 For whilst of thy Dear Sight I am beguil'd,
 I Trust the God—But oh ! I fear the Child.

*On Pilate's Exposing our LORD to
the Jews, and saying to them,
Behold the Man.*

By Mr. Arwaker.

BEhold the Man ! inhuman *Pilate* ! No ;
Who can have Eyes for such a Scene of
Woe ?
Call the remorseless Crocodile, and see
If that can bear such barbarous Cruelty,
Shou'd that behold the Out-rage you commit,
Its Tears wou'd be no longer counterfeit.
Behold the Man ! oh ! you mistake the Name,
Behold the Man, behold the God you mean ;
No Man for so much Torture cou'd suffice,
No Man so Triumph in his Miseries ;
He shews himself a God in trying Thee,
And proves by suffering his Divinity. .
But oh ! that Syle the Man must not refuse,
Whom *Pilate* dares, whom *Pilate* can abuse.
While from the Sluces of each open'd Pore
Flows a rich Torrent of Redeeming Gore,
And

And on his Head sharp piercing Thornes appear,

That Head which Rays of Glory us'd to wear;

And he whom Heav'n's scarce worthy to contain,

Do's in a Cell of Humane Flesh remain,

Expos'd to Sorrows beyond parallel,

Sorrows too Tragick to behold or tell;

Oh! thou mayst say, *Behold the Man*, too well. } *His*

Behold! alas! I cannot, will not see,

I am too tender for the Tragedy,

Shou'd I behold his vast Expence of Blood,

My Eyes wou'd melt into another Flood.

Yet I will see whence all this Grief proceeds,

For me, alas! he Groans, for me he Bleeds!

My Sin expos'd him to these Wounding strokes,

Yet he intreats the Pow'r which that provokes;

The Tide of Blood in which he floats, is shed

To save the Wretch by whom his Wounds were made.

Oh, then forbear on *Pilate* to Exclaim,——

He's Innocent, and I alone to blame!

His Guilt must justly fall on Wretched me,
Who edg'd his Rage, and arm'd his Cruelty.

Oh! then behold the Man thou hast betray'd!
Behold the Man that do's thy Crimes upbraid!
Behold the Man of Grief, the Man of Love!

Condemn the Author, but th' Effect approve.

Behold, and Mourn for thy Ingratitude,

Behold, and Triumph for thy Pardon Se'd,

Thy Paradise regain'd, & Innocence renew'd;

And when thou hast sufficiently deplor'd

The Suffering Man, and Sinning Man abhor'd,

Then from the Humbl'd Man thy Thoughts
must soar, &

And high in Heav'n th' Exalted God Adore.

And let the sight of this great Sufferer move.

Tow'rd's him alike thy Pity and thy Love.

Trans-

Translations out of Boethius, by
Mr. Aewaker.

Lib. 2. Metre the Fourth.

WHO ere with a Serene and settled Mind
 Contemns the Injuries by Fate design'd,
 Viewing each Fortune with indifferent Eyes,
 And can unalter'd both alike despise;
 Him the loud Storms that make the Ocean
 swell
 Amidst their Rage, shall find immoveable.
 His Courage won'd not shrink at *Etna's* Fire;
 But rather nobly Perish, than Retire.
 Nor can the strong Convulsion Fits that make
 Th' Earth tremble, his firm Resolution shake,
 Nor ev'n the Thunder's stroke make him affraid
 By which the proudest Tow'rs in Dust are laid.
 He who does ne'er with Hope or Fear engage,
 Disarms, and triumphs over Fortune's Rage.

But he who hopes or fears what is not sure,
 Nor in his pow'r to hinder, or procure,
 Has thrown away his Shield, forsook his Ground,
 And made a Chain with which himself is bound.

Metre Fifth.

HE that wou'd choose a Station so secure
 To baffle Fate, and all its Storms endure,
 Must neither on the Mountain's *summit* stand,
 Nor trust his Fortune to the failing Sand,
 That stands expos'd to all the blasts of Fate,
 And faithless this will sink beneath your weight:
 Then if thou wou'dst condemn the dangerous
 Shock,
 Fix thy safe Footsteps on an humble Rock;
 Let Fortune storm, in this secure Retreat,
 Thou shalt the force of all its Rage defeat.

Metre

Metre Sixth.

HAppy the former Age to which each
Field

Did all the Objects of its Wishes yield !
That which cheap *Acorns* did its Pallate feast,
And nothing in Luxurious Banquets wast ;
Happily ignorant of the Use of Wine,
They Quaff'd the Streams, and thought the
Drink Divine ;

No *Tyrian* Purple Carpets then they chose,
But took on Grassy Beds more soft repose ;
Beneath a lustry Pine's inviting shade,
Alike for State, and for Convenience made.
They had not then found out the fatal way
To lose their Lives and Fortunes in the Sea ;
Nor did the wand'ring Merchant then repair
To Foreign Shores to vend, or Purchase Ware.
No Trumpets then proclaim'd Warsloud Alarms,
Nor Blood in Anger shed defil'd their Arms ;
For who but Mad-men wou'd a Fight maintain,
Where loss of Bloud and Life is all the gain ?

The last TRUMPET.*The Words by Mr. Tate.*

A Wake ye Dead, the Trumpet calls;
 Awake, awake, to Sleep no more,
 Hark from aloft the Frozen Region falls
 With Noise so loud it deafs the Ocean's Roar;
 Allarm'd, amaz'd, the clatt'ring Orbs come down,
 The Virruous Soul alone,
 Appears unmov'd while Earths Foundations
 shake;
 Ascends and Mocks the Universal Wreck.

The Slaughter of the INNOCENTS
 Matth. ii. v. 16.

By the same Hand.

SWEET *Innocents* that found the way
 Through Bloody Paths of Martyrdom,
 To your Celestial and Eternal Home,
 Before your harmless Feet had learn'd to stray.
 Early, but not untimely, Dead,
 Who to preserve the World's great Saviour bled;
 For all his bitter Pangs the best Return,
 The best of us can make
 Is for his Precious sake;
 (And few have dar'd so far) to Bleed or Burn.
 If then 'tis Glorious to pursue
 His great Example, what must be your Due,—
 Who Dy'd for him, before he Dy'd for you?

Upon the Sight of an

A N A T O M Y.

By Mr. Tate.

I.

N Ay, start not at that *Skeleton*,
'Tis your own Picture which you shun;
Alive it did resemble Thee,
And thou, when dead, like that shalt be:
Converse with it, and you will say,
You cannot better spend the Day;
You little think how you'll admire
The Language of those *Bones* and *Wire*.

2. The

2.

The *Tongue* is gone, but yet each Joint
 Reads Lectures, and can speak to th' Point.
 When all your Moralists are read,
 You'll find no Tutors like the Dead.

3.

If in Truth's Paths those *Feet* have trod,
 'Tis all one whether bare, or shod :
 If us'd to travel to the Door
 Of the Afflicted Sick and Poor,
 Though to the Dance they were estrang'd,
 And ne'er their own rude Motion chang'd ;
 Thos' Feet, now wing'd, may upwards fly,
 And tread the Palace of the Sky.

4.

Those *Hands*, if ne'er with Murther stain'd,
 Nor fill'd with Wealth unjustly gain'd,
 Nor greedily at Honours graspt,
 But to the *Poor-Man's* Cry unclaspt ;
 It matters not, if in the Myne
 They delv'd, or did with Rubies shine.

5. Here

5.

Here grew the *Lips*, and in that Place,
 Where now appears a vacant space,
 Was fix'd the *Tongue*, an Organ, still
 Employ'd extreamly well or ill;
 I know not if it cou'd retort,
 If vers'd i' th' Language of the Court;
 But this I safely can aver,
 That if it was no Flatterer;
 If it traduc'd no Man's Repute,
 But, where it cou'd not Praise, was Mute:
 If no false Promises it made,
 If it sung Anthems, if it Pray'd,
 'Twas a blest *Tongue*, and will prevail
 When Wit and Eloquence shall fail.

6.

If Wise as *Socrates*, that *Skill*,
 Had ever been, 'tis now as dull
 As *Mydas*'s; or if its Wit
 To that of *Mydas* did submit,

Tis

'Tis now as full of Plot and Skill,
 As is the Head of *Matchieval* :
 Proud Laurels once might shade that Brow,
 Where not so much as Hair grows now.

Prime Instances of Nature's Skill,
 The *Eyes*, did once those Hollows fill :
 Were they quick-lighted, sparkling, clear,
 (As those of Hawks and Eagles are,)
 Or say they did with Moisture swim,
 And were distorted, blear'd, and dim ;
 Yet if they were from Envy free,
 Nor lov'd to gaze on Vanity ;
 If none with scorn they did behold,
 With no lascivious Glances rowl'd :
 Those Eyes, more bright and piercing grown,
 Shall view the Great Creator's Throne ;
 They shall behold th' *Invisible*,
 And on Eternal Glories dwell.

8. See !

8.

See! not the least Remains appear
 To shew where Nature plac'd the *Ear*?
 Who knows if it were Musical,
 Or cou'd not judge of Sounds at all?
 Yet if it were to Council bent,
 To Caution and Reproof attend,
 When the shrill Trump shall rouse the Dead,
 And others hear their Sentence read;
 That *Ear* shall with these Sounds be blest,
Well done, and, Enter into Rest.

PSAL.

*PSALM the First.**By Capt. Walker.*

1.

HAppy the Man, who shuns the beaten Road,
And treads the unfrequented Paths of
Good;

Whom, by a vertuous Restraint,

From Sin preserv'd secure,

No strong contagious Vice can taint,

Nor Charming Ills allure :

Who makes *Jehovah's* Laws his dear Delight,

His Practice ev'ry Day, and Study ev'ry Night.

2.

Him shall Just Heav'n in all his Actions bless,
And crown his Labours with a wish'd Success;

He, like a flourishing Tree, shall prove

Near some fair River's side,

Refresh'd with Heavenly Dews Above,

Below

Below with ev'ry Tide :

Spreading his fertile Branches towards the Sky,
His Leaf shall never fade, his Root shall never dy.

Not to the Wicked; whole unhallowed Minds,
Like scatter'd Chaff, before the whistling Winds

By various and impetuous Gusts

Of Raging Passions tost;

'Midst thousand Sins, and changing Lusts,

Are miserably lost;

And wandering from the Sacred ways of Peace,
Their Fears shall never Dye, their Pains shall
never cease.

And crown his Jambou with a willow's shade,
Him shall Just Heav'n in all his Actions praise

He, like a flourishing Tree, shall grow

Near some fair River's side

Reflect with Heavenly Dews Above,
Below

PSAL.

PSALM lviij. *Vers. 8, 9, 10.**By the same Hand.*

A Wake my Glory, e'er the Rosy Morn
 Does with a Purple Blush the Skies adorn;
 Before the Sun arise to break the Day,
 Awake and chase thy gloomy Sleep away.

2.

Awake soft Lute, awake my charming Lyre,
 With sacred Transports my warm Breast inspire;
 Awake each Faculty, awake and sing,
 In holy Raptures my Almighty King.

3.

In Notes Divine let my glad Voice proclaim
 His mighty Goodness, and Eternal Name;
 Let my loud Praises thro' the World resound,
 While crowding Nations listen all around.

4. But

But oh! my God, thy Wonders are too great
 For Tongue to speak, or Verse to celebrate;
 So vast thy Mercies, and thy Truths so high,
 They pierce the Clouds, and reach beyond the
 Sky.

*A PARAPHRASE on the
 79th Psalm.*

I.

HOW long, O Lord, of everlasting Might,
 Shall the successful Heathen make abode,
 In thy Inheritance, O God!
 How long defile thy Temple, and usurp thy
 Right?

See! how the once Proud City Lies,
 Salem, a heap of Stones, for pity cries.
 Nor here does their unbounded Fury stay,
 Thy Priests they on the Altars slay,
 And cast 'em forth to Birds, and savage Beasts
 of prey.

Witness

Witness the Blood, that now on every side
 Surrounds the City with a Purple Tide ;
 Witness the Bodies they deny to have,
 The common Privilege of a Grave.

This is our Woe, and this our Fate,
 While neighbouring Nations to increase the
 Weight,
 Triumphantly Rejoice in our unhappy State.

2.

But, O! Thou God of Mercy and of Love
 How long wilt thou remove
 Thy dearest Attributes from Thee?
 How long with Anger burn, and fiery Jealousy?
 Rather thy irresistible Wrath employ

Upon the Kingdoms, who thy Name

Have never known, or known disclaim,
 And dost thy *Jacob's* Dwellings impiously
 destroy.

Forget our Sins, O Lord;

And with a Father's Love relief afford;

Us, like thy Children, treat,

And let thy Mercy be, as our Affliction, great.

E

3. Help,

Help, O God, of our Salvation,
Help, for the Glory of thy Name;
Nor let thy own, thy own, tho' sinful Nation,
By Thee deserted, suffer Shame.
Let not deriding Heathens cry,
O! where is now their fancy'd Deity.

And smile, and wonder
At Thy great Power, and yet unactive Thunder.
Rise, Lord, and let that Blood the Heathen shed,
Dye them again with Red;
And let thy Vengeance publick be,
That what they suffer we (O God) may see.

Let the loud Groans of Captives pierce the Sky,
And hear, And in a timely Hour
Rescue from Death, who sentenc'd are to Dye;
Shew boundless Mercy, join'd with boundless
Power;
But for those Wretches, who blasphem'd thy
Name,
Cloath them with Everlasting Shame,

That

That by their Suffering they may see,
And dread the Wrath of thy Divinity.

So we that are
Thy darling Flock, and thy peculiar Care,
May in most thankful Numbers raise
To Thee, Eternal God, Eternal Praise.

Hallelujah.

The CONVERT.

An Ode Written by Mr. George Herbert.

IF ever Tears did flow from Eyes,
If ever Voice was hoarse with Cries,
If ever Heart was sore with Sighs;
Let now my Eyes, my Voice, my Heart,

Strive each to play their Part.

My Eyes from whence these Tears did spring,
 Where treach'rous Syrens us'd to sing,
 Shall flow no more—until they bring
 A Deluge on my sensual Flame,
 And wash away my Shame.

3.

My Voice, that oft with foolish Lays,
 With Vows and Rants, and senseless Praise,
 Frail Beauty's Charms to Heav'n did raise,
 Henceforth shall only pierce the Skies,
 In Penitential Cries

4

My Heart, that gave fond Thoughts their Food,
 (Till now averse to all that's Good)
 The Temple where an Idol stood,
 Henceforth in Sacred Flames shall Burn,
 And be that Idol's URN.

The

*The Prophet ELIJAH Translated
up to Heaven.*

By Mr. Tate.

Elijah long and faithful Service boasts,
Under the Banner of the Lord of Hosts
Who now, his signal Conquests to Reward,
A Chariot for his Triumph has prepar'd ;
Such matchless Virtue nobly to require,
Translates him Body'd to the Realms of Light :
The Prophet now with gen'rous Scorn surveys
This Earth, where He but for a Passport stays ;
And do's entirely his fir'd Thoughts employ
On those bright Regions He must soon enjoy.
But first (for in his Road to Heav'n they lay)
A Visit to the Prophet's Schools He'll pay,
In Legacy, where He his Progress goes,
His Counsel and his Blessing He bestows.

Elisha do's his Master's steps attend ;

A Servant worthy to be stil'd a Friend.

From *Gilgal's* Plain, to *Bethel* Journeying on,
 The Prophet Courts his Servant to be gone ;
 Near *Jericho* once more his Charge repeats,
 But still Commands in vain, in vain Entreats.
 When Love and Duty once dispute the Field,
 Duty it self must to Affection yield.

The Prophet now to *Jordan's* Bank is come,
 The last short Stage to his Celestial Home ;
 His Mantle's Sacred Force the *Jordan* knew,
 And consciously in parting Tides withdrew.
 That Stream, long since subdu'd at his command
 Was disciplin'd to fall, to swell, or stand.

The naked Channel now with ease pass'd o'er,
 And Both arriv'd to the remoter shore ;
 On that last spot of Earth his Feet must tread ;
 The Prophet to his Faithful Servant, said—

O for thy Truth and Love, my Servant, say,
 How shall a grateful Master Thee repay ?
 E'er to Eternal Mansions born away :

For

For Thee who still must Earthly Toils pursue,
 Instruct thy willing Master what to do,
 Who would to Thee be Kind as thou to him
 wert True.

The Favourite with such Indulgence blest,
 So kindly urg'd to make his own Request,
 A while with modest Gratitude stands mute,
 Delays to utter his important Suit;
 Who else might instantly his Wish impart,
 For 'twas already form'd within his Heart;
 So vast a Boon he trembles to express,
 Yet must depart unsatisfy'd with less,
 Not Pow'r or Pomp, not Safety, Wealth, or Ease,
 His gen'rous and inflam'd Desires can please
 Too narrow All for his expanded Mind, A
 It will not be to Nature's Bounds confin'd.
 His Soul can Revelation only prize,
 Rapture and Correspondence with the Skies;
 The World do's no proportion'd Scene present;
 No less than Heav'n on Earth can his vast Soul
 Content.

O Man of God, he cry'd, let me inherit
 A double Portion of thy Sacred Spirit :
 These impious Times such strong Convictions
 need,

I cannot else to thy great Charge succeed ;
 My Weakness this Concession do's require,
 E'er to thy Sacred Office I aspire ;
 To perfect the Foundation Thou hast laid,
Elisha must have twice *Elijah's* Aid.

(serve,
 The Prophet grants, but grants with this Re-
 If me at passing thy fix'd Eyes observe,
 If in that Minute on their Watch they'r found,
 Thou hast thy Wish, 'tis else an empty Sound.

A Tempest to their Conference puts an end,
 The fiery Steeds and flaming Wain descend.
 What mean these Terrors? This impetuous Air ?
 Can Death so dreadful as this Change appear ?
 Who wou'd not choose to pass his brazen Gate,
 If such fierce Blessings must on Rapture wait ?
 Mistaken Thought ! the Charriot and the Storm
 Of Terror only have the Sound and Form.

The Vision do's but Lambent Flames present,
For Speed, but Violence, the Whirl-wind sent.

And Toss and Wreck, and quite over-whelm

Elisha the whole Scene with still-fix'd Eyes,

Beholds, and to his tow'ring Master crys,

My Father, O my Father, how hast thou

Has lost his Champion and his Heroe sent

Tearing his Garments, and his Robe he calls

In Recompence *Elijah's* mantle falls

While of the East his weeping Sight's bereav'd,

His Arms the kind descending Pledge receiv'd.

Now, pensive, back to *Jordan's* Bank he goes,

Whose Stream his Passage to the Sea will oppose;

He now must put Heav'n's Promise to the Test,

And prove if he *Elijah's* Spirit possesse.

Disinced on the Current's Verge he stood,

Then smote, and cry'd, — Where's now *Elijah's*

Thou, who on Earth didst heav'n's pow'r

Chastis'd by Him the swelling Streams give

And Great *Elijah's* greater Heav'n obey?

The Storms the Tempest in my Breast allay.

Chaffise, Controul

The boistering Waves that roarl
And Toss and Wreck, and quite o'er-whelm
my sick despairing Soul.

My House in Order, 3.

And Thou most sweet and Sacred Dove,
The God of Consolation and of Love,

Visit, O Visit ev'ry Part
Of my afflicted Heart.

Thou Hast for my Reception to prepare,

By thy most heav'nly Influence,

Expel all sinful Thoughts from thence,

And Save me from the Gulph of Dark Despair.

How shall I to the Sacred Person of the King

The raging Pest within his Vitals send

More dangerous than the 2, or the 3, or the 4

The fatal Summons Purple Symptom gave

And now the Power waits him on his Grave

Both Life and Limbs, and all the Powers Divine

Thy Hand in Order let dispose his State

O Lord, O Lord, do on my Wellfare wait

For Hezekiah's healing me to thy Place come

And I will praise thee with Judah's Throne.

Heze-

Christie, Countess

Hezekiah's Sickness and Recovery:
KINGS the II. Chap. 20.

By Mr. Tate

The God of Comfort and of Love

With double Pleasure bring the cheer-
ful Dawn;

That for the Sinner's sake the Light of Day may rise;

Yet, ah! no longer will a Storm be still'd,

No sooner will the raging Winds be spread;

But still the fatal Plague's remittent Sting,

Invades the Sacred Person of the King!

The raging Pest within his Vitals reign'd,

More dang'rous than the Siege he had sustain'd.

The fatal Summons Purple Symptoms gave,

And Thus the Prophet warns him to his Grave.

"Thy House in Order set, dispose thy State,

"For Death, O King, do's on my Message wait;

He stalks behind me to thy Palace Gate.

The

The Prince, who had Besieging Hosts defy'd,
Turns Pale, and deeply Sighing, Thus reply'd ;

" Can Heav'n impose, where Justice is sub-
lime,

" A Task so weighty and so short a Time ?

" My House in Order set, dispose my State !

" Surpriz'd, like Me, with Life's last stage in
View,

" Alas ! what could a private Master do ?

" If Him a Doom so sudden wou'd o'er-
whelm,

" Ah ! what must I, who sit at *Judab's* Helm,

" My Family, no less than All the *Realms* !

" That Realm how shall I orderly bequeath,

" E'er Wars Alarms afford me time to breathe

" How place my Scepter e'er my Sword I
Sheath ?

" But if th' Almighty Wisdom has thought fit,

" That I shou'd *Judab's* Royal Ensigns quit ;

" My Soul at his Decree shall ne'er Repine,

" Both Life and Empire, at his Call Divine,

" I will Resign——But ah ! to whom Resign ?

" For yet the Marriage Bed's to me unknown,

" And *Judab* wants an Heir to *Judab's* Throne.

Shall

" Shall *Israel's* Ten Apostate Tribes, their King
 " To *Sion's* Tow'r, and worse——
 " Unhallow'd Idols to the Temple bring?
 " Or shall *Affyrian* Troops the Siege renew,
 " And *Rabsheka's* blaspheming Threats prove
 " True?

When in such Terms the Royal Saint had
 mourn'd,

His Face, bedew'd with Tears, he meckly turn'd,
 Turn'd to the Wall: Why thither? that his Mind
 Might less Distraction in that Posture find,
 Or secret Pray'rs more fervently to press;
 (As warm Devotion loves no Witnesses.)
 Or that his Palace open'd on that side
 A Prospect, whence his Eyes the Temple spy'd,
 Where wish'd Access was to his Feet deny'd.
 A second Deluge at his View he show'r'd,
 And thus his Soul her Deprecation pour'd.

(sue)
 " Remember, Lord, (with humble Trust I
 " How to thy Service I have been most True:
 " With perfect Heart by strong Devotion warm'd,
 " That which was Righteous in thy sight per-
 form'd. The

The Royal Saint paus'd here; and how'ring
round,

Attending Angels strive to catch each Sound :
Scarce could They for their finisht Errand stay,
While thus the Pious Prince proceeds to Pray--
" How prays He?—Not one Accent more he
spoke.

" But when his Tongue grows mute, his Thoughts
invoke;

" His Tears and Groans their Office still maintain;

" Let then the faithful Muse—

" The Language of those Groans and Tears
explain.

(and Wife,
They said—" Thou seest, O God, most Just

" All fix'd on me, the Neighb'ring Nations Eyes;

" How in a Leud and Superstitious Age

" Alone I stand, and for thy Truth engage

" Thy Worship's Champion; if in Death I sleep,

" From Pagan Force, who shall thine Altars keep?

" The Reformation, I with Toil commenc'd,

" Will soon relapse to Ruin when unsenc'd:

" The Assyrian Savage with impetuous Haste

(" Th' Enclosure gone) will lay thy Vineyard
waste.

" Let

" Let me, or let my Cause, thy Favour claim,
 " Support thy Servant, or at least thy Name ;
 " Restore me from the Grave, prolong my Days;
 " Prolong them, that I may prolong thy Praise.

Nor yet the Prophet had the Palace left,
 And Royal Patient, of all Hope bereft;
 But He, whose Visit made the Court to Mourn,
 Of Life the welcom Envoy must Return.

" Turn, cry'd the Vision, bring my Saint Relief,
 " Tell *Hezekiah*, tell my People's Chief;
 " Thy Father *David's* God has heard thy *Pray'r*,
 " Beheld thy Tears, and will thy Health repair :
 " The Third Day's Sun shall see that Health re-
 stor'd,
 " (But Miracles must first confirm my Word ;)
 " Who now wants Breath his mournful Crys
 to raise,
 " Shall in the Temple then resound my Praise.

" The Resurrection I will toll command,
 " Will soon relate to him when unbound:
 " The Assyrian Saviors with impetuous Halls
 " (The Enclosure gone) will lay thy Vineyard
 waste.

*On the Death of Mr. Fell, who was
found Dead upon his Knees in his
Chamber.*

PRetending private Study, when thy Mind
To Paradise this Voyage had design'd,
Was sure a Pious (though surprising) Fraud,
And such as Saints and Angels must applaud:
Elisab thus pretending to Retire,
Told of the Water, but conceal'd the Fire.
Elisab, had he sought no more to know,
Had lost his Spirit and his Mantle too.
Such Legacies, blest Soul, mightst thou have giv'n,
Had we but seen thee when snatcht up to Heav'n.
Sure, Paradise was open'd to thy view,
When with thy Pray'r thy Soul together flew.
In such a sacred Rapture *Stephen* spy'd
Heav'n's Gates unlockt, and forthwith kneel'd;
and dy'd;
To Heav'n thou now hast flown the nearest way;
Which is, like Thee, to Study and to Pray.

You, that carve Virtue deckt with ev'ry Grace,
 As if her Beauties lay in Hands and Face,
 Come Counterfeit this *Image* if you dare,
 The first Original *Statue* of a Prayer !
 Heaven took thee up when it beheld thee down ;
 So Princes kneel when they receive a Crown,
 Nor did Heav'n's sudden Summons Thee surprize,
 It scarce could ever find thee otherwise.
 Thy pious Soul in Consecrated Clay,
 (For 'twas a Temple) never ceas'd to pray,
 Thy oft repeated Storms Heaven's Gates assail'd,
 Whose sacred Violence at last prevail'd ;
 Heaven kindly yielding sent a Message down,
 To bid thee enter, and possess the Crown.
 One Period ends thy Combat and thy Breath,
 Thy Conquest bravely finish'd in thy Death.
 Such was *Epaminondas* noble Prize ;
 The minute that he Overcame, he dy'd.
 'Alas ! what cannot warm Religion dare ?
 No Walls so high, but may be scal'd by Pray'r.
 New Stratagems by Piety are found,
 And highest Flights take rise from off the ground.

What

What happy Zeal thy Spirit did inspire,
 That 'twixt thy Tears could kindle so much fire?
 Which made thee so impatient of delay,
 Thy zealous haste cou'd scarce Heaven's leisure
 stay,
 But lest thy Message should too late come there,
 Thy self wentst post to overtake thy Prayer.
 Thy Soul and Pray'r so intimate became,
 That, like old Friends, they now were grown the
 same,

'Twas only Heaven (so much alike they were)
 That could discern the Spirit from the Prayer.
 Enjoy blest Shade what thou hast bravely won,
 Possess that Heaven which thou hadst here
 begun;
 Heaven doth to us thy prostrate Body grant,
 The precious Reliques of so great a Saint,
 Which should it longer in this Posture stay,
 Would, like thy Soul, we fear, be snatch'd away.
 Grudge not thy Body should to Earth be given,
 A welcome Present, as thy Soul to Heaven:
 Whilst this here prays below, that sings on high,
 We'll learn of this to pray, of that to fly.

A

PARAPHRASE

On several

TEXTS of SCRIPTURE,

Expressing the SIGHS

OF A

PENITENT SOUL.

Translated from *Hermannus Hugo*.

The INTRODUCTION.

*Lord thou knowest all my Desire, and my
Groaning is not hid from thee, Ps. 38. v. 9.*

HE only knows my Grief, whose Eyes can
 dart
 Into the dark Recesses of my Heart ;
 He only views those Labyrinths of Night,
 Who gilds the Day, and gives the Sun his Light.
 Stretcht on the solitary Shore I lye,
 With wing'd Petitions fill the vaulted Sky ;
 Yet what I wish, none knows but *He*, and *I* !
 The

The Groans, the Pangs, that in my Bosom rise,
We Two can only tell;—and we suffice.

PSALM 6. *Vers. 3.* *cf. Arrianus 117*

*Have Mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak,
heal me for my Bones are broken.*

SHall I complain? or silently depart?
Complaints are just, & I will ease my Heart.

A common *Friend* condoles his *Friend* in Woe,
What therefore should a tender Lover do?

Were then thy *Oaths* of Love, but flatt'ring Wind?
I did not think thou couldst be so unkind!

Ah! couldst thou know me sick to this degree,
And yet so long defer to visit me?

Melampus, *Podalyrius*, *Chiron* too,
And *Pæan*, tho' with Gout and Palsie slow,

Have all been here, each Member of the Train
Has read his tedious Lecture on my Pain.

But my *Hypocrates* was absent still;

Thou com'st the last;—Thou whose resistless
Skill

Can Cure with greater speed than they can
Kill. They

They shake their Heads, & with dejected Eye,
 The feeble Motion of my Pulse they try :
 But what's the wise Result of all their Art ?
 They cry, *I'm sick—Yes, I am sick—at heart !*
 Thro' all my Veins the dire Infection creeps,
 My Vitals too in strong Possession keeps.
 My Pains, my Pangs, my Agonies encrease,
 And Physicks baffled Pow'r gives no Release.
 Behold these Lineaments disguis'd with Woe,
 If thou again this alter'd Face canst know ?
 Behold these Eyes, each bury'd in its Cell,
 These Cheeks where freshest Beauty us'd to dwell ;
 In Ruins there each graceful Feature lies ;
 Tho' chaste with Wine, no lively Blush will rise.

Then to whose Altar should I now repair,
 But Thine, who only canst redress my Care ?
 Thou only canst my raging Grief controul,
 Who art the great Physician of the Soul.

JEREMIAH 9. Ver. 1.

O that my Head were turned into Water,
and my Eyes a Fountain of Tears, that I
might weep Day and Night.

Nymphs of the Flood, how truly blest are you?
Whose beauteous Limbs in liquid Chry-
stal flow!

And They whose metamorphos'd Frames distill'd
To Lakes that soon the wondring Valleys fill'd,
Why of your Fortune should this Head
despair ;

(This wretched Head) with, more torment-
ing Care

Turn'd to a Spring, with Moss instead of Hair?

On Earth my weary out-stretcht Arms I throw,
In hopes they will, like yours, dissolve, & flow;
But my hard Stars so blest a Change deny,
For Rivers Emblems are of Liberty.

O that I could a sudden Fountain prove,

As ~~any~~ once for Galatea's Love!

That those kind Pow'rs, who set sad *Biblis* free,
Would now repeat the Miracle in me!

Since Floods and Seas, I but in vain implore,
 Let some kind Show'r supply me with its store;
 Then from my Eyes such plenteous Streams
 would flow,

As fall from lofty *Pindus* melting Snow ;
 Which down the Furrows of my Cheeks should
 run

In Course, as constant as the Circling Sun ;
 No Rest should in my trickling Tears be found,
 Till all my *Sins* were in that *Deluge* drown'd.

PSAL.

PSALM 69. Vers. 15.

*Let not the Water-flood overflow me, nor
the Deep swallow me up.*

cf. Awake 153

MY Life's a *Sea*, now raging, now at Rest;
And I the *Ship*, with gawdy Streamers
drest.

What are the *Breezes* there, each flatt'ring Wind,
But those dissembling Passions of my Mind ?

Invited by these Gales I rashly float,
And tempt the Ocean in a fickle Boat.

No want of youthful Dalliance to excite,
But pleasures Tiding up with full Delight ;

Sirens that charm at once my *Ear & Sight*.

}

O Faithless Main, that with so calm a Brow
Dost smile,—how rough and boist'rous wilt
thou grow ?

Kind Offices thou dost as yet perform,

Without the least Suspicion of a Storm ;

But when environ'd round with Seas and Skies
Past sight of Shore—Thy Tempests then will
Rise.

PSAL.

P S A L M 143. *Verf. 2.*

*Enter not into Judgment with thy Ser-
vant, &c.*

O Who would not this strict Tribunal dread,
Or dare before th' Almighty Judge to
Plead,
At his Tribunal, how shall Guilt appear,
Where *Innocence* it self can scarce be Clear ?

Ev'n He whose Piety did brightly shine,
(Of all the Inspir'd *Twelve* the most Divine)
Whose Life, with Vice, was one continu'd War,
Yet dar'd not plead Perfection at this Barr.
The Royal Author of Seraphick Verse,
And Anthems fit for Angels to rehearse,
What Son of Flesh conceiv'd in Sin (said He)
Before All-seeing Eyes can righteous be ?
Nor *Job* (in sufferings try'd) allow'd the Skies,
And brighter Stars, as spotless in his Eyes.

If then such Pillars sink beneath his Hand,
 On what support can we, frail Rafter, stand ?
 And if before his Breath the Cedars yield,
 How shall such Shrubs as we maintain the Field ?

PSALM.

*The Sorrows of Hell compass me, and the
 Snares of Death take hold of me.*

A Creon's Fortune seems in me renew'd,
 When wretchedly by his own Hounds
 persu'd.

Wild Groves my youthful Fancy did enflame,
 My Soul was always in pursuit of Game ;
 Till Death beset me in a Desert way,
 And of the Hunter made a wretched Prey.

In ev'ry Path Death's tangling Nets are spread,
 More fine and subtile than *Arachne's* Thread ;
 Behold how close that watchful Huntress lies,
 Some gawdy buzzing Stragler to surprise ;

Her

Her Web once struck, forth from her Cell she
springs,

And to her Den the mourning Captive brings.

Mark how the *Fowler* from the shades unseen

Observes his Nets, stretcht on the neighb'ring
Green;

And, to allure, where vacant Spots are found,

He scatters Grain upon the barren Ground :

While Birds whom he already has betray'd,

Are now Decoys to their own Fellows made ;

And from their Cages cheerful Notes begin

To draw, with feign'd Mirth, their Compa-
nions in :——

These, these, my Soul, true *Emblems* are of *Sin*.

PSALM 31. Vers. 10.

My Life is spent in Grief, and my Tears in Sighing.

By N. Tate.

A Sullen Planet frown'd upon my Birth,
Nor to this Hour allows one Minute's
Mirth;

Yet still I'm flatter'd with deceitful Air,
That always says to Morrow shall be fair.
No Morrow yet has darted one kind Ray,
But still proves darker than the former Day.
The ruffling Winds oftimes disturb the Main,
But soon the Billows grow compos'd again;
No Leaves in Winter on the Grove are seen,
Which yet the next Spring Cloaths with fresher
Green.

When sudden Storms eclipse the Morning's
Light,
Those once dispers'd, the Day returns more
bright.

My

My gloomy Thoughts no Interval can find,
 The Tempest ~~always~~ ^{rages} in my Mind.
 My Sighs are all the Musick I employ,
 My Sighs are all the Musick I enjoy ;
 With these I pass the tedious Night away,
 With these I pass the yet more tedious Day.
 My Friends, 'tis true, their Counsel oft address,
 Advise me oft to make my Sorrows less.

I took their Council, gave to Mirth the Rein ;
 Mirth only brought more sharp Returns of Pain.
 For when my Griefs with Laughter I'd beguile,
 Tempestuous Sighs destroy'd the Infant Smile.
 And when I try to Sleep my Griefs to Rest,
 Their Crys fright from my Door the gentle
 Guest.

Ye Streams and Groves, my long frequented
 Seats,

Ye Rocks & Caves, my Sorrows last Retreats !
 You know, how oft my Groans in vain suppress,
 Have with recoiling Fury torn my Breast.

While Echo, gentle sharer of my Woe,
 Returns a Sigh to ev'ry Sigh I throw.

Here *Progne* do's her mournful Story tell,
 Answer'd by sadder Notes of *Philomel*.

Each

Each in her Turn renews the doleful Strain,
 While *Halcyon* from the distant Shoars complains
 With these the *Turtle* joins eternal Moan,
 Like me, she mourns, and murmurs all alone!
 Thus Fate, do's cruelly my Life prolong,
 Of all my sufferings Life the greatest Wrong!

Out of Hermannus Hugo.

I Charge you, O Daughters of Jerusalem,
 if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell him I
 am sick of Love. Cant. 5. 8.

YE happy Souls, of Heavenly Salem's Race,
 Whose snowy Feet the Azure Temples
 grace,

You, you, I charge, attend my sacred Strain,
 If ye by chance should find my Love again,
 Tell him I Languish with a Fire unknown,
 As *Jasmins* faint beneath th' *Assyrian* Sun;
 For 'midst the Darts he lately scatter'd round,
 He fell himself a Shaft, and I a Wound:

At

At least his own Blood ting'd the pointed *Steel*^P
 For I more His, than my own Sufferings feel.
 Ah! with what fires was then my Soul possess'd,
 As if whole *Ætna* heav'd within my Breast!
 If he's inquisitive, as Lovers are,
 And should enquire of each particular,
 Talk all the Forms of *Languish* and *Distress*,
 Which Pain forbids the Sufferer to express.
 He'll ask if I am Feaverish; tell him, *No*;
 My Spirits are too weak, my Pulse too low!
 He'll ask if danger of my Life appears;—
 Tell what your Eyes discover, not your Ears.
 Tell him you bid me speak, whilst my faint *breath*
 Imported nothing, but the signs of Death.
 Perhaps he'll ask you how I did appear,
 What Looks, and what my other *symptoms* were;
 This, or like This, let your Description be,
 That he my danger with its Cause may see;
 A pale a frightful trembling Ghost I lye
 Condemn'd, O Fate! neither to *live* nor *dye*.
 I pant and struggle for my hovering Breath,
 Labouring for either perfect *Life* or *Death*.

With

With heavy Eyes, that sink in gloomy Shade,
 My faint Right hand within my Bosom laid :
 No rosy Colours, no young Native heat,
 No Pulse, tho' touch'd, can be perceiv'd to beat.
 A flood of Tears wash my faint Life away,
 And dying Sighs to him my Soul convey :
 Whilst in these sad Complaints I still admire
 To feel I burn, yet know not what's the fire,
 Unless 'tis Love, which doth these *Passions* move,
 For every accent of my Pain is Love !
 From hence, I find, from hence proceeds my *flame*
 I know not Love, but yet a Lover am ;
 Love made my Plaints so loud, my Sighs so deep,
 Love taught my unexperienc'd Eyes to weep.
 From hence th' Abruptness of my *Language* came,
 That I could utter nothing but his Name.
 This, in these words, Let my Beloved hear,
 That I (fond of my pain) his Fetters bear :
 Tell him I burn with such a gentle fire,
 As Roses in the Summers heat expire ;
 Tell him that I with long Desires decay,
 As hoary Lillies droop and fade away ;

I charge ye tell him I am sick of Love,
And my *last* Sickneſs, tell him, it will prove.

O N
E A S T E R - D A Y.

By an unknown Hand.

1.

H Ark ! Sure I hear *Urania* play,
I hear her tune the heavenly Strings ;
Some wondrous Tidings ſure ſhe brings.
Oh ! now, methinks, I hear her ſay,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs, To day,
Muſt break, muſt riſe, muſt come away
With Healing on his Wings.

2.

'Tis done — behold the God appear,
Fulfilling all that he hath ſaid,
Captivity is Captive led ;

Death

Death of his old invenc'd Spear
Behold disarm'd, and conquer'd here,
The Grave no more the Members fear
Since risen is the Head.

In vain the silly Rabbins strow
A Stratagem of Force to find
The Lord Omnipotent to bind;
Too weak, to stop Almighty Love,
Their Guards, their Stone, their Seal must prove;
The trembling Earth doth all remove
Like Dust before the Wind.

Let ransom'd Men in Praises rise,
Let every faithful Soul rejoice
And tune, to Angels Notes, his Voice!
Hail! Son of David, let them cry,
Hail! Thou that Lifest, and didst Dye!
That lift'st thy glorious Seat on high,
And Sufferings mad'st thy Choice.

Unfold, ye Everlasting Gates,
 That Guard the great *Jehovah's* Towers,
 Those Sacred Mystick Leaves of yours ;
 The King of Glory for you waits :
 Receive him, O ye blissful Bow'rs,
 Ye Thrones, Dominions, Sceptred Powers ;
 He comes :—accomplish'd are the Hours
 Appointed by the Fates.

6.

Be now thy Foes thy Footstool made ;
 Exalted high, on God's Right-hand,
 A Priest for ever mayst thou stand,
 Thy dear Redeeming Blood to plead,
 Th' imperfect Sacrifice to aid,
 Which is by wretched Man convey'd,
 And never must be scann'd.

A^c

How must that Guardian Angel give
Præparation to PRAYER.
 Such rare Petitions to receive,

By the same Hand.

I.

LET no bold Prayer presume to rise,
 Let no unhallowed Incense go
 A fruitless Progress, through the Skies;
 Whilst here thy Heart remains below:
 Thy Heart, adorn'd in all its best desires,
 Thy Father kindly courts, thy awful God requires.

Think with what Reverence and State
 Thy Maker is ador'd Above;
 What mighty Beings round him wait,
 And pay their Worship and their Love:
 That Cherubims are in his Sight afraid,
 And with enfolded Wings their glorious Faces
 shade.

3.

How must that Guardian Angel grieve,

(That is attend thy Soul, is first)

Such *cold* Petitions to receive,

As his warm Zeal can ne'er present!

How must he grieve, thy empty Forms to see?

In Spirit and in Truth, his God must worship be.

How will it swell thy final Cares?

How will it all thy hopes defeat,

To see thy Sins increas'd by Prayers,

Which only could their forces abate:

How canst thou hope to escape those foreign Harms.

Who thus against thy self turn'st thy defensive
Arms?

GOLD

**GOLD is try'd in the Fire, and
acceptable Men in the time of
Adversity.**

By the same Hand.

I.

IF all th' appointed Days of Man were fair,
And his few Hours mov'd o'er him like a
Breeze,
That gently fans the waving Trees,
Soft and Smooth, and void of Care,
As Infants balmy Slumbers are;
How should we be assur'd be,
That even Temper we might see
Were Vertue, not Prosperity.

2.

Not so th' Almighty Wisdom has design'd
We should in Ease and Luxury remain,
Uncry'd by Sorrow, or by Pain:

No, the great Searcher of the Mind
 Unshaken Virtue there must find;
 Tho' low as to the Dunghil brought
 With him, whose sifed Patience taught
 He serv'd for Duty, else for nought.

3.

We see the wealthiest Oar the Earth doth
 hide,
 Is not receiv'd or pass'd for current Gold,
 Nor by the greedy Miser told,
 Till by the Cleansing Furnace try'd,
 It doth the seven fold Test abide:
 So must the Path of Grief be trod,
 That certain Purifying Road
 By all th' accepted Sons of God,

4.

God in this Method to our Needs has bow'd,
 Nor is it Reason guides when we complain:
 Favours alas, but fall in vain,
 And the good Things that are allow'd,
 Instead of happy, make us proud.

Let

Let us not then refuse this part,

But wisely learn the *Saving Art*,

Which Tears to Comforts do's convert.

On AFFLICTION.

By the same Hand.

Welcome, (what'er my tender Flesh may
say,)

Welcome Affliction, to my Reason still.

Tho' hard and rugged, on this Rock I lay

A sure Foundation, which, if rais'd with Skill,

Shall compass *Babel's* aim, and reach th' *Almighty's*
Hill.

2.

Welcome the Rod that do's Adoption shew

The Cup, whose wholesome Dregs are giv'n me
here,

There

There is a Day behind, if God be true,
 When all these Clouds shall pass, and Heaven
 be clear,
 When those, whom most they shade, shall shine
 most glorious there.

Affliction is the Line, which every Saint
 Is measur'd by, his Stature taken right;
 So much it shrinks, as they repine or faint,
 But if their Faith or Courage stand upright,
 By that is made the Crown, and the full Robe
 of Light.

PSALM

*PSALM the 137th, Paraphras'd to
the 7th Verse.*

By the same Hand.

Proud *Babylon*, thou saw'st us Weep,
Euphrates, as he pass'd along,
 Saw on his Banks the Sacred Throng
 A heavy Solemn Mourning keep;
 Sad Captives to thy Sons and Thee.
 When nothing but our Tears were free!

A Song of *Sion* they require,
 And, from the neighbouring Trees, to take—
 Each Man his dumb neglected Lyre,
 And Cheerful Sounds on them awake;
 But Cheerful Sounds the Strings refuse,
 Nor will their Masters Grievs abuse.

How can we, Lord, thy Praise proclaim,
 Here in a strange unhallow'd Land,

Left

Left we provoke them to blaspheme
 A Name they do not understand!
 And with Rent Garments that deplore
 Above what e'er we felt before,

But thou *Jerusalem* so dear,
 If thy lov'd Image e'er depart,
 Or I forget thy Sufferings here,
 Let my Right hand forget her Art,
 My Tongue her Vocal Gift resign,
 And Sacred Verse no more be mine.

The

*The Second Chapter of the Wisdom
of Solomon, Paraphras'd.*

By the same Hand.

The first 12 Lines being an Introduction.

How weak is Man that would himself persuade
Out of his Interest, and his Tempter aid !
Mistled by present Joys, and humane Pride,
Would gladly lay his future Hopes aside ;
Uncloath himself of all he holds Divine,
And to the Earth his Ashes would confine.
Consent his Soul (all pains on it to spare)
Shou'd vanish like the soft and silent Air,
This Doctrin, which in ancient Times was penn'd,
Th' industrious Devil took care shou'd still descend,
And we by Atheists now the same are told,
Which Israels wisest Prince describes of old.

The

THE CHAPTER begins.

THus reason'd they, *said he*, but not aright,
 Deluded by the Charms of vain Delight;
 Tho' Life be short, how tedious is the day
 Which some new Pleasure doth not drive away?
 Death hastens on all humane Things to seize,
 And there's no remedy for that Disease.
 None from the Grave return, nor *Moses Laws*
 Have seen him come to vindicate their Cause.
 Chance made the World; and the same Hand
 of Chance

Did blindly Man into that World advance.
 And, when the date of certain years expires,
 As he had never been, he back retires.
 That active Fire which animates the Heart,
 And thence all Life and Motion do's impart,
 By some contending Element oppress'd,
 Extinguish'd fails and quits the darken'd breast.
 The Vapour in our Nostrils steals away,
 And all that now remains is common Clay.

Time

Time preys upon our Memory and Name,
 And deep Oblivion swallows up our Fame.
 Like a swift Cloud we pass unheeded by,
 No track is left, no mark where it did fly,
 Nor shall it e'er return to shade the Sky.
 Since *past* and *future* we at distance see,
 And *present time* can only useful be,
 Voluptuous, and in Pleasures let us live,
 And freely spend what Moments we receive.
 Still let us gay and warm Affections hold,
 And, when in Age, forget that we are old.
 Roses about our youthful Tresses ty,
 Roses shall, when they fall, their place supply.
 The cheerful Spring shall round our Temples
 shine,
 Whilst our full Bowls flow with *Autumnal* Wine.
 The polish'd Skin with Ointments shall begay,
 Circling Perfumes shall usher on the way,
 And soft harmonious Airs about us play.
 Diffusing as we pass Luxuriant Bliss;
 This is our Portion, and our Lot is *this*.

Justice shall lay aside her useless Scales,
 And Force shall Justice be, when Force prevails;
 No Law shall govern, no dull Rule take place,
 The Widow, nor the hoary Head find grace;
 Oppression shall the righteous Man devour,
 Fashion'd by Conscience for the Tyrant's pow'r;
 Who meekly yields to wrong, or vile disgrace,
 Yet from th' *Immortal* God derives his Race,
 And by himself is arrogantly stil'd
 Of him he Worships the apparent Child;
 Him let us wait for that upbraids us still
 With Breach of Laws, and Education ill,
 That but at distance views our loose Delight,
 And blasts our *Mirth* with his reproachful sight:
 Who, not like us, his Youth to Pleasure gives,
 But singular, and solitary lives;
 And does his Eyes on distant Prospects bend,
 Saying, the *Just* is blessed in his End;
 That let us hasten, and his Patience prove,
 And his cool Temper with rough usage move:
 If Son to him whom he Almighty calls,
 He sure will Save when in our hands he falls;

Let

Let us in Shame and Tortures make him dye,
And, for his Truth and his Protector try.

Full place did such Imaginations find,
With Men in Mists of Sin and Error blind,
That knew not God, nor did his Laws regard,
Unmindful of the Work or the Reward,
That shall on blameless Souls hereafter rest,
When with Eternity of Pleasures blest.
God stamp't his Image on created Earth,
And made it so, Immortal in its Birth,
And tho' th' Infernal Fiend, with Envy fill'd,
Brought Death into the World, and some has
kill'd,
Yet only those that do his part embrace,
Shall fall to him, and his appointed place.

S O L I T U D E.

How far the sweets of *Solitude* excel
 The World's loud Mirth and clam'rous
 Sports
 Of Theaters, and crowded Courts,
 Only the vertuous Heavenly Soul can tell.
 Which when retir'd and loos'd by *Faith & Love*.
 From the gross Body, upward flies,
 Climbs o'er th' impurer lower Skies,
 To gain sweet Converse with blest *Minds* above.
 Ravish'd with This, she seeks a clearer sight,
 And chides the interposing Clay,
 And bars of Flesh that take away
 Her heavenly Prospect, and retard her flight.
 She do's her scorn of this low World express,
 Derides the Pompous Trifles here,
 Honours and Wealth to Sinners dear,
 And wonders why Men call it Happiness.

Safe in those happy Realms of *Light* and *Love*,
 From Clouds and stormy Wind that blow
 O'er this tempestuous World below,
 She mourns she cannot always keep above.

In those bright Fields no fears her Joy controul,
 Securely seated from on high
 She sees the ruddy Lightning fly,
 And hears below the distant Thunder roll.

She's there safe guarded from fal'n *Angels* pow'r,
 That stray in this low vold of Air.
 And (watching with unwearied Care,)
 First tempt to sin, then vanquish'd *Souls* devour.

Those Minds become more excellent and pure,
 That Heav'n's calm Regions most frequent,
 Free from *Earth's* Damps and noisom Scent;
 As wholesom Climates Mens sick Bodies cure.

And when such Minds descend to Earth agen,
 Their heav'nly Language cheerful Face,
 Fresh Beauty and Celestial Grace
 Declare the happy Seats where they have been.

This World is still so turbulent and loud,
 That Heav'n's soft Voice cannot be heard,
 Angels have oft to Men appear'd
 When all alone, but never in a Crowd.

In silent Groves the Men of old grew wise,
 There prostrate Votaries ador'd,
 And invocated the true Lord,
 There Heathens worship'd too their Deities.

Sage *Druids* there Heav'n's Council understood:
 The Soul does there her Thoughts compose,
 Calmly devout and silent grows,
 Aw'd by the shade and stillness of the Wood.

There th' *Essen* Sect their Innocence were taught
 Of the next Silver Stream they drank,
 Got a cheap Meal from some green Bank,
 And far from worldly Cares they Liv'd and Thought.

In Fields and Woods, may I safe Pleasures find,
 Nature's Almighty Cause adore,
 Admire the *Works*, but th' *Author* more,
 Where Objects both delight and teach my *Mind*.

May

May Vallies teach me to be fruitful too,
 May Hills excite me to aspire,

Like them, to Heav'n with rais'd Desire,
 And may my Thoughts flow pure, as *Fountains* do.

From Birds I'll learn to sing my *Maker's* Praise,
 The Sheep shall make me wish I may
 Grow useful, and as meek, as they ;
 And hear the *Pastor* that directs my ways.

Both *Birds* and *Beasts* shall my distrust condemn,
 That trust Heav'n's Goodness rove about
 Free from all Care and anxious Doubts,
 And teach me to depend on Heav'n, like them.

Motives I ne'er shall want of Love and Praise,
 For Heav'n and Earth will still supply
 My Thoughts with such variety,
 As will new wonder fresh Devotion raise.

Oh may I something learn from all I see,
 And by the Creatures still ascend,
 To the first Cause whilst I attend
 To Nature's Volumes of Divinity.

Let me sweet Solitude's Delights enjoy,
 And Those repair to sensual Sport,
 To Wine and Theaters resort,
 Who know not how their Leisure to employ.

A Cloſet, or a ſecret Field with thee,
 Shall Lord, to me be far more dear,
 Than all the ſenſual Pleaſures here,
 Than all the poiſon'd ſweets of *Eaſe & Luxury*.

THE ENQUIRY.

By the ſame Hand.

I'VE ſearcht the barren World, but cannot find
 A Happineſs for an Immortal Mind.
 Honours, Delights and Riches have all ſpent
 Their Smiles in vain, to give my *Thoughts Content*.
 The Joys they yield, but for a Moment laſt,
 And ſhrink to nothing when they're cloſe em-
 brac't.

They

They never satisfy, but feed desire,
 And bring fresh Fuel to a restless Fire.
 What's one poor drop to him that almost bursts
 With fierce desires, and for an Ocean thirsts.
 My Mind can hold both the rich *Indy's* store,
 And find it self, as empty as before.
 The Treasures Earth throws in their purpose
 miss,
 Swallow'd and lost in that immense Abyss.
 I've look'd o'er all the Riches Earth can shew.
 All that it Promises, but gives to few :
 And still some Intellectual Good I want,
 Some Happiness this World can never grant.

Hence mighty God my Thoughts ascend to
 Thee,
 The spring of Good, and Man's Felicity.
 'Tis only thy Immensity can fill
 The thirsty Soul's vast and immortal Will.
 This single Thought, that all Earth's Joys at
 Death
 Will end, and cease for ever with my Breath,
 Quite chills my Love, and lessens my Esteem,
 And makes a Kingdom but a trifle seem.

I find my Soul's misplac'd, it longs to see
 Some higher Good, some fix'd Felicity,
 Which it despairs to meet with, but in thee
 I'm blest with Faculties to entertain
 Thy self, and sure thou mad'st them not in vain,
 And as I can, so I desire to be
 Made happy only in Enjoying thee;
 My Wishes else unsatisfy'd return,
 And make me all my lost Endeavours mourn.

Thou dost to All but Man Perfection grant,
 That with their Happiness upbraid my want
 No Hopes or Fears the quiet Stones molest,
 That sweetly in the Earth's low bosom rest.
 Trees to their height and perfect Sature grow,
 No farther Tendencies or Wishes know.
 Rich Flowers with daz'ling Glory crown the
 Year,
 And in their Smiles a perfect Beauty wear.
 Beasts that have all for which their Nature calls,
 Pleas'd with themselves, are happy Animals.
 Above the Earth their Wishes never fly,
 Nor thirst for Heav'n and Immortality.

No Prospect of a greater Excellence,
 Makes them despise the low Delights of Sense,
 No knowledge of Eternity can shew
 To them, how short these Pleasures are below.
 They can no Dangers while at distance see,
 To interrupt their present Peace and Rest,
 From thoughts of *Death* and future *Sorrows free*,
 They are with undisturb'd Enjoyments *blest*.
 While Souls that can to higher Regions climb,
 And look beyond the whirling Pool of *Time*,
 Become unhappy by their Eminence,
 And serve but to disturb the sweets of Sense.
 When the sad Mind its sober *thoughts* employs,
 And finds it self born for Eternal Joys,
 How Earth's unmanly, short *Delights* displease?
 It rather will have none, than such as these.
 It thinks of all its noble Faculties,
 Then looks on Earth, and do's its Joys despise,
 Since I have such a Mind as this, would I
 Had never been, or may I never dy?
 If no Delights are to be found above,
 What shall I seek on Earth, what shall I Love?

If this be all the Happiness design'd
 For anxious Man, wretched Immortal Mind!
 Happy the Brutes that can't their State resent,
 That know no nobler Joys, and are content.
 If Man then can't a perfect State attain,
 His Soul and Appetites are made in vain.
 Man only is Felicity deny'd,
 Vex'd with desires, not to be satisfy'd,
 The Lord of All is most unhappy left,
 Of that Perfection Beasts enjoy, bereft.
 But th' Author sure will not be most unkind
 To his best *Workmanship*, the Heav'n born Mind,
 He's so benign he can't but let us have
 Objects for all the Appetites he gave.
 'Tis easy hence to know he does intend
 Himself shall be the Minds last Rest and End,
 On them he will at last himself bestow,
 That never sought their Happiness below.
 What this denies the other World will give,
 Where Saints shall in Immortal Glory live,
 Possess'd with Heav'n they shall for ever rest,
 Crown'd with Divine Delights, and with their
 Wishes blest.

S O L I.

SOLILOQUY.

By the same Hand.

Double Allegiance, Lord, to thee I owe,
 Both as thy *Subject* and thy *Creature* too;
 'Twere then in me the most ingrateful Guilt,
 Not to perform or suffer what thou wilt.
 My place is to obey, and not dispute
 A Will so good, a Power so absolute.
 Shall my Remonstrances to Heav'n be sent
 To plead the Justice of my Discontent!
 For Life and Enjoyments here I stand
 Indebted to the Bounty of thy Hand.
 What thou art pleas'd to take I must resign,
 Yet thence sustain no Wrong, since Nothing's
 mine,
 My Fortune's mean; the wisest and the best
 Of Soul that now in Heav'n outshine the rest,
 Liv'd in this vale of *Tears* despis'd and poor,
 Some wanted Necessaries, few had more.

And

And shall I quarrel with my Fate, when God }
 Afflicts me but to guide me with his Rod }
 The sacred Path which all the Blest have trod?

Sure, *Toil* and *Weariness* must needs become
 The Lot of *Travellers* remote from Home.
 Pilgrims, as I am, while abroad they stay,
 Must quit th' *Ambition* to seem *Rich* and *Gay*.
 Amidst my Foes I'm now a Stranger, where
 What's tolerable, is accounted rare.

Such *Travellers* can only Passage crave,
 And That, what e'er I miss, I'm sure to have.
 All Sufferings here that can my Fears alarm,
 Afflict the Flesh, but work no further harm.
 Distress and Shame make not Heav'n's *Servants*
 seem

More base or wretched in their *Lord's* Esteem.
 These can't his Favor from my Soul remove,
 Nor intercept the Pleasures of his Love.
 And Happiness to Him is quite unknown,
 Who cannot find it in that Love alone.

From Riches free, I'm free too from their *Cares*,
 Safe by my distance from their fatal Snares,

An

An humble Fortune kindly does deny
Th' Incentives of our Pride and Luxury.
My weaker Vertue may be here secure,
Which might not all th' Assaults of Wealth
endure.
So little Vessels may securely ride
On a small River's smooth and gentle Tide ;
Where weaker Winds with soft and easy Gales
Scarce heave the Bosom of their humble Sails.
But if they put to Sea, too late they find
Their Sail unequal for a fiercer Wind.
Hopeless they're with impetuous Fury born,
Split on the Rocks, or with the Tempest torn.
Thus meaner Fortunes Vertue most *befriend*,
Giving what's fit, and more would but offend.
Here we our Innocence can best ensure,
And that's the happy'st State, that's most secure.
If now to Heav'n's so difficult the Road,
What must it be with Wealth's incumbring
Load ?
Do my Endeavours now succeed so well,
And all Temptations with such ease repell,
That my Ambition any harder Task
Should crave, and for *Herculean* Labours ask,
That

That I with *Care* and *Toil* should purchase Foes,
 And seek the Place that thickest dangers shews.
 Are those I cannot shun so few or slight,
 That fond of Ruin I would more invite?
 This were to ravish Death it self, and scale
 The Gates of Hell, lest milder Arts should fail.
 I'm born for Heav'n, and shall I chuse to stray,
 And shun the plainest and the safest way,
 That I a longer Journey may endure
 Through Roads more troublesome, and less
 secure?
 Still meaner Fortunes are the safest found,
 Free from the Snares which Wealth and Pomp
 surround.
 The humble ground needs but a small defence,
 We ought to dread the rising Eminence,
 Where Sin does it's victorious Forces post,
 And dying Souls are in such numbers lost.
 Numbers, that give malicious Hell such joy,
 That glut the *Grave*, and greedy *Death* o'er cloy.
 The greatest danger that my fear should move,
 Is, lest the World should too obliging prove.
 She's then most dang'rous when her smiling Art,
 And splendid Dress invite my yielding heart.
 But

But when she frowns, her *Charms* are lost, unless
We're fond of Misery, and court Distress.
The World's unkindness may abate our love,
Teach us to seek for Happiness above.
Make us for high Eternal Joys enquire,
And seek for Heav'n with more inflam'd desire.
For still our wishes after Home and Rest,
Are by the badness of their way increast.

'Tis then from disbelief, and want of love
To God, and those pure Joys prepar'd above.
That in the meanest State we can't rejoice,
And make not humble Poverty our Choice.
That Wealth and Greatness we so little dread,
Sought by the Living, curs'd so by the Dead.
Blest with the hopes of Heav'n tho I've no more,
'Tis Atheism to complain my Fortune's poor.
The Man rich with these hopes may well im-
ploy
His saddest Hours in calm Delights and Joy.
Who when a few short Hours are past, will
know
What Heav'n to make Men happy can bestow,
For ever blest, if God can make them so.

May

May I have these transporting hopes of *Heav'n*,
 And let me know that Happiness when given;
 I'll praise Heav'n's Goodness, tho' oppress'd I ly
 With what mistaken Men call Misery.
 Why should I grieve for what I suffer here?
 All these slight Troubles soon will disappear;
 And what is not Eternal, is below my Fear.

The Safety of a low State.

*Translated out of Seneca's Agamem-
 non, Chor. Argivarum.*

By the same Hand.

THe treach'rous Fortune of a *Royal Crown*,
 Places what ever's rich and great,
 On a steep and slippery Sear.
 Whence with an easy Blast all tumble down.
 Proud

Proud Scepters can't command soft Peace and
Rest,

Nor chase uneasy Fears away;

They know no safe and happy Day,
But endless Cares their Greatness still molest.

The *Lybian* Sea not with such Fury raves,

When heap'd up by rough Winds, the Sand
Does in high tott'ring Mountains stand,
And interrupts the loud impetuous Waves.

Euxine neighbor to the snowy Pole,—

Where the bright Carman, by the Main
Untoucht, drives round his shining Wain,
Can't with such force his troubled Waters roll.

As when Kings fall, turn'd round by rapid Fate,

Kings, whose desire is to appear
Awful, to move their Subjects fear,
Which Fear does in themselves the like create.

The Night, to hide 'em safe does *Darkness* want,

Soft sleep, by which a troubled Breast
Is loos'd, and lies dissolv'd in Rest,
Can't charm the restless Cares that *Princes* haunt.

The Men that born by too kind Fortune rise,
 Soon sink and fall down from their height,
 Prest by their own unequal weight,
 Which, those that envy'd, now as much despise:
 Great Fortunes can't their own vast *Burden* bear;
 So the swift Ships expanded Sails
 Swoln out with too indulgent Gales,
 The Winds, they wish'd before, begin to fear.
 So a proud Tow'r thrusts his aspiring Head
 Among the flying Clouds, but finds
 The uneasy neighbourhood of Winds
 And Thunder-claps, that are around him bred.
 So the rude Storms that shake the bending *Wood*,
 Design an envious fatal stroke,
 To the ancient, well spread Oak,
 The Grove's *Defence* and *Glory* while it stood.
 High Hills the fairest mark for Thunder stand;
 Great Bodies are but seldom sound,
 Such have most room to take a Wound;
 And the fat *Deer* invites the Hunter's hand.

What

What whiffing Fortune does this day advance,
 It throws down with a greater fall;
 Estates that are but low and small,
 Last a long quiet Age, secure from Chance.

He's only happy, that of meaner rank
 Does not his humble State resent,
 But with his Fortune still content,
 With a safe Wind Sails by the neighb'ring bank.
 Whose wary Boat that dares not trust her Oar
 To the rough usage of the Wind,
 And the wide Ocean seldom kind,
 Keeps still in prospect of the safer Shore.

RIGHT ZEAL.

By the same Hand,

SURE there's a *Zeal* that's born of heav'nly *Race*,
 Whose *Lineage* in its *Aspects* you may trace;
 The generous *Fervour* and admir'd *Degree*
 Of a victorious, healthful *Piety*.
 This quickens *Souls* grown stupid, and imparts
 An active *Ferment* to devouter *Hearts*.
 'Tis this invigorates decaying *Grace*,
 And sheds fresh *Beauty* on it's sickly *Face*.
 It works not out in *Froth*, nor will it vent
 In angry *Heats* its inward *Discontent*.
 Nor, for a *Trifle*, will to *Blood* contend,
 Nor all its *Warmth* in *Noise* and *Censures* spend.
 But meek and gentle as the *Sacred Dove*,
 'Twill on the *Soul* in kindly *Breathings* move.
 It smooths rough *Nature*, sweetens eager *Blood*,
 Expels the vicious part, and saves the good.
 Its heav'nly *Birth* and *Nature* it will prove,
 By universal *Charity* and *Love*,

It

It will so widen a contracted Mind
 To the strait Compass of a Sect confin'd,
 It shall embrace those of a different Name,
 And find ev'n for their Enemies a Flame.
 'Twill pity smaller Faults, and those that stray
 Reduce with peaceful Methods to their way:
 It deals not Blows and Death about on those,
 Whose Errors some less useful Truth oppose;
 Nor do's with *Sword* and *Fire* the Stubborn tame,
 It uses none but its own harmless Flame.
 In Reformati^ons 'twill some Faults endure,
 And not encrease the Wounds it seeks to cure.
 It stickles most on Love's and Mercy's side,
 And checks the Heat and outrages of Pride.
 'Twill shed its own, not others *Blood* to gain
 The Peace it seeks, and mutual Love maintain.
 This *Zeal* has always most Impatience shown,
 Where our Lord's Honour's injur'd, not our own:
 Unaskt it can forgive an Injury,
 Still love the Author, and his Rage defy.
 Without this *Zeal* how mortally *Grace* appears,
 See what a sick consumptive Face it wears!

It's Beauty faded, and its Vigour lost
 It seems departed Virtue's meagre Ghost.
 Only this *Zeal* its Ruins can repair,
 And render its Complexion fresh and fair,
 Such Courage springs from this more active
 Grace,

As can the various Shapes of Terror face;
 It makes us gladly take the Martyr's Crown,
 And meet the Flames, with greater of our own.
 No Straits, no Death it formidable thinks,
 Beneath whose force a sickly Virtue sinks:
 It gives the Soul the quickest, deepest Sense
 Of unseen Worlds, creates such diligence,
 As cheerfully dispatches all the Tasks
 That Heav'n prescribes, or but own safety asks.
 This *Zeal* is wary, not inflam'd by Pride,
 And walks not, but with Knowledge for its guide;
 Nor will too hastily Advance, but stay
 To take Advice and Reason in its way.
 When it grows hot, 'tis always certain too,
 And will its doubting Thoughts as calmly shew.
 Blest heav'nly *Zeal*! how spirited and fair
 Those Souls that feel its Influence, appear!

How

How much such Godlike Hero's us condemn,
 Whom they excel, as much as Angels, them.
 Let me this truly noble *Zeal* attain,
 And those that seek 'em, *Wealth* and *Honour*
 gain.
 My *Portion's* then so great, not all the store
 Of worldly *Treasures* can enrich me more.

TEMPTATIONS.

By the same Hand.

A Las, I walk not out, but still I meet
 Paths too perplex'd for my unwary Feet;
 At my return the calm and even Mind
 I carry'd forth, all compos'd I find;
 My weak *Devotions* slacken'd and unbent,
 And *Passions* loos'd grow loud and turbulent.
 My ruffled Mind with *Sorrow* seeks in vain
 To rank and suit its displac'd Thoughts again;
 My careful Steps no place securely tread,
 Thick *Snares* o'er all th' enchanted Ground are
 spread.

The smallest Inadvertencies expose
 Unguarded Virtue to our watchful Foes.
 Satan rejoyses (if his Hell has Joy)
 That, lost himself, He can Mankind destroy.
 Rav'nous as Lyons are, and strong as they,
 He does on Souls, as those on Bodies prey.
 He much to's Skill, more to fall'n *Nature* trusts,
 And brings Temptations suited to our Lusts;
 Temptations brings of *Circe's* Syren-Brood,
 By feeble Resolutions not withstood,
 Nor vanquish'd by faint Wishes to be good.

Here some great Man's displeasure over aw
 Our fears of Sin; there carnal Pleasure draws.
 In an alluring Dress it courts the Sense,
 Whilst yielding Nature faint Resistance makes,
 At last o'er come, gives up her Innocence,
 And, in exchange, Sin and Heav'n's anger takes.
 Sometimes a deadly Persecutors hate
 Will damp our Zeal, and Love to God abate;
 Sometimes the envious Scorn on Virtue thrown,
 And the disgrace of being good *Alone*.
 But after the attractive baits of Sin,
 Call up the secret Sparks of Lust within;
 Which

Which taking fire burst out into a Flame,
 Which our disabled Reason cannot tame,
 Those Purposes small Opposition make,
 That once we thought no charms, no force could
 shake,
 But leave us to the power of Lustful Fires,
 And the wild Guidance of unclean Desires,
 But ah! what After-pangs will This create,
 When sober Thoughts the sinful Act debate?

What guilty Blushes wounded *Conscience* wears
 See how it starts lash'd with its secret Fears?

It flies from Heav'n, the thoughts of God afright
 My troubled Soul, before, its chief Delight.
 Heav'n's frown blasts all my Joys; tormenting
 Fears,

The secret Strings of *Conscience*, Sighs, & Tears,
 Is all the sad Reward past Sins afford,
 For these I'm by my self, and God abhor'd.

When Love would rise to Heav'n with fresh
 Delight,

Conscience suggests my Guilt, and stays its flight:
 How dear a Moment's sinful Pleasures cost,
 God's Favour more than Life, I've for it lost.

One

One Sin can all my ancient Doubts restore,
Makes me suspect the Conquests got before;
Makes me suspend the Hopes of heav'nly Bliss,
And Tyrants ne'er found Torment, like to this,
It makes me question all my Deeds, debate
The future safety of my doubtful State.
It strangely can undo what's past, destroy
My present, and revoke my former Joy.
It shews old Sins to wound me with their view,
And the sad Penitential Scene renew.
What spreading Mischief is in Sin conceal'd!
By Man believ'd not, 'till too late reveal'd,
Fool that I am such Torments to create,
And buy Repentance at so dear a rate.

*Upon a most Virtuous and Accom-
plish'd Young Gentleman, Who
Died of the Small-Pox.*

By S. H. Esq.

Our Dead Friends ill Truths we may not
tell,
Such spotless Honour in the Grave should dwell,
Yet more a breach of Charity it seems
To hide their Virtues, then to speak their Crimes;
How loudly then His worth should be proclaim'd
Whom ev'ry Virtue grac'd, and not one Vice
defam'd.

^{2.}
His Merits gain'd a Character so high,
As Envy could not blast, nor Pride deny;
Above disguise He scorn'd all varnish'd Arts,
And with *Inherent* Honour conquer'd Hearts.
His Actions generous all, and squar'd by *Truth*;
With Age's Prudence bless'd, in the gay Bloom
of *Youth*.

3. Gen-

3.

Gentle, offenceless, so averse to wrong,
 Obliging sweetness dwelt upon his Tongue,
 With Nature's richest Gifts so deck'd within,
 That Pride in him had scarce been judg'd a Sin;
 His ready Wit no stop or bounds could know,
 But, like a gen'rous Spring, did clear and con-
 stant flow.

4.

Not in his Grave more quiet can he find,
 Than always lodg'd in his unvary'd mind;
 A Mind fit only for the Bless'd above,
 The Seat of Friendship and the Throne of Love:
 In Heaven what matchless Glory has he gain'd,
 To bring from Earth a Soul by such an Age
 sustain'd.

5.

The Hand of Fate seems partial to destroy;
 Fond of the Happy, to the Wretched Coy:
 In plenty round him Fortune's Blessings lay,
 Which just attain'd, Fate summon'd him away.
 So parts the Shipwreck'd Merchant from his
 Gain,
 And (sinking) sees his Wealth float round him
 on the Main.

6. No

No Humane skill the destin'd Hour could stay,
And hovering Death was pleas'd with such a
Prey ;

Which to secure beyond the help of Art
In every Pore he struck a Fatal Dart.

The Vicious Life an easy Conquest lies,

But Fate's whole power invades, when sacred
Virtue dies.

To

To a LADY,

*Upon the X. Commandments cut by
Her on White-Paper, and Present-
ed to S. John's College in Oxford.*

THe curious Wonders we preserve with Care,
That the fair Hands of Cloyster'd Nuns
prepare ;

Who strive, poor Ladies ! with a fruitless Toil
A miserable Solitude to beguile :

Promoting what they to themselves deny,

They Pride and Luxury to Mankind supply ;

But in your *Piece* this Excellence we find,

An Entertainment for the *Eye*, and *Mind*.

A Sov'reign Judgment form'd the first Design

So well the *Matter* and the *Art* combine !

No other *Lines* cou'd merit so much Art,

No other *Hand* an equal Skill impart.

The Masters see it, and their Plates disown,

Asham'd of the rude Scratches they have done,

The

The Printer boasts no more his Works do live,
 And *Sybil's* Leaves, and ancient *Bark* survive:
 But owns, that Art the longer Date deserves,
 Which Things in fairest Characters preserves;
 At least, if we no more Pretensions name,
 The *Author* may a just Precedence claim;
 Blind *Chance* did His on the dull *Soldier* throw,
 Another Palace kindly this bestow.

Were all the holy Books transcrib'd anew,
 And in such beauteous Letters dress'd by *You*;
 We ought the *Jewish* Rev'rence to retain,
 And institute new *Masorites* again.
 Our Tongue beneath that Sacred Character,
 Wou'd of Divine Original appear:
 And, what in *Theirs* was but a vain Pretence,
 Each Letter carry mighty Consequence:
 And oh! how fit would that fair Mansion prove
 For th' ever-bless'd, and the Eternal Dove!

Th' officious Painter on the Altar draws
 In Golden Characters these Sacred Laws,
 But 'tis the Gold commends the strokes he makes,
 His work a borrow'd Value from it takes;

Th'

While wisely *You* such slight Materials chuse,
 And solid Worth by acc'rate *Art* infuse ;
 Your *Piece* no glittering Advantage needs,
 Whose Value from the *curious Work* proceeds ;
 Yet by this *Piece* is represented best
 Th' unspotted Image seated in your Breast ;
 As Poets, labo'ring best their Sense t'express,
 Betray those Passions which their Souls possess,
 Just such your *Writ* appears, so heavenly fair
 The Angels Hand did scarce a fairer bear.
 We only fear least Those who come to see
 Should, unawares, commit *Idolatry*.

The Holy Place a solemn Rev'rence fills,
 And deeper *Awe*, which this new *Guest* instils ;
 That hence we may but just *Credentials* call,
 To vouch the Sanction of th' Original :
 And might the Tables by those Fingers writ,
 Into the Holy of Holiests admit.

Hymn

H Y M N.
Veni Creator Spiritus.

Englished by Mr. Wright.

1.

Approach Celestial Dove,
Eternal Purity and Love,
And where at first you did dispenſe
A Being, Life, and Senſe,
In the ſame Breasts now place
The very Soul of Life, Supernal Grace.

2.

Thou Spring of Joy ſtill growing,
Fountain of Comfort ever flowing,
Thou greateſt Gift of the moſt Great,
Thou Charity-compleat,
Unction Divine that brings
The Sanctity of Priests, Grandeur of Kings.

K

Thou

3.

Thou sevenfold Benefactor,
Of all that's Good, thou great Transactor,
Thou promis'd Gift from Heaven sent
When from us Heaven went,
Thou God of Eloquence
That speakst to th' Intellect before the Sence.

4

Hither direct thy Ray,
Thou Glorious Sun of lasting Day,
And from that Sacred Hear inflame
A Passion for thy Name;
So all our present Want
Will be supply'd by that Celestial Grant.

5.

Far, far, from us displace
Th' Immortal Enemy of Grace;
And in all Hazards let us find
Thy Peace, the Peace of Mind:
We ask no more reward,
Thou being thus our Conduct and and Guard.

6. True

6.

True Faith on us bestow
 The Father-Deity to know ;
 And teach us by thy Inspiration,
 God the Son's Incarnation,
 Inform us then aright
 How you add one to them, yet all unite.

7.

Eternal One, United Three,
 To you belongs all Majesty ;
 All Power, and all Dominion's due
 To you, and only you :
 All Glory, then, all Praise Divine
 United Three, Eternal One, be thine.

K 2

Jephtha's

JEPHTHA'S VOW.

The ARGUMENT.

Jephtha having rashly Vow'd (if he succeeded in his Expedition against the Amonites) to offer up in Sacrifice the First that should meet him from his own House; He returns Victorious : The first that comes forth to welcome his Triumph, is his only Daughter; whom he Sacrifices according to his Vow.

By N. Tate.

BEfore the Altar the devoted Maid
(With Garlands crown'd and in white
Robes array'd).

Appears all Mild, to yield her destin'd Life,
And waiting the slow Sacrificer's Knife.
A Virgin Blush her Aspect purpled o'er,
As young, and ne'er beheld by Crowds before)
(Such Tincture Crimson'd Alabaster shows,
Or Lillies shaded by a neighb'ring Rose.)

Yet

Yet gen'rous Resolution do's display,
 That with her Modesty bears equal Sway.
 She, only she, appears without surprize,
 And views the weeping Crowd with cheerful
 Eyes.

Some call to mind the publick Service done,
 And Battle lately by her Father won ;
 His Blood's Expence in Field to save the State,
 And with it the unhappy Victor's Fate.
 Of Age's last Reserve and Hopes bereft,
 His ancient House and Lineage Heirless left.

The Younger sort bewail her *blooming Charms*,
 And grutch so fair a Prize to *Death's* cold *Arms*.
 The Nymph for whom the noblest Youths had
 pin'd,
 A Boory to the Thankless Grave assign'd.
 For now (as Chance wou'd play the Tyrant's
 Part,

And fret their Wounds with fresh Supplies of
 smart)

Those Beauties Nature had before conferr'd,
 Sublim'd and to Advantage all appear'd ;
 Their Grief was now to Consternation turn'd,
 They now Mourn silent, as before, they burn'd.

Of this the Virgin do's Advantage take,
 And her afflicted Father thus bespake :
 To Ammon's Court, Great Sir, these Plaints remit ;
 These Plaints are only for the vanquish'd fit.
 My self to Death's cold Arms I freely give,
 While you to shield our State and Altars live,
 You Rate my useless Life at Price too high
 To make me yours, and Israel's Victim Dye !
 More than my Merits or my Hopes could claim,
 To purchase with few Years Immortal Fame.
 With Comfort to your Palace, Sir, repair
 To cherish Her that's now your only Care :
 My tender Mother's Sorrow to assuage :
 For only You can check the Tyrant's Rage.
 Forget your Worthless Daughter, and survive
 By your Example to keep Her Alive.
 You else resign your Laurels to the Foe,
 And Conquer'd Ammon Triumphs in your Woe.
 Or have you lavish'd all your Love away
 On my past Tears———
 Reserv'd no Kindness for my latest Day ?
 If my past Life did you in ought offend,
 In Death at least I wou'd my Fault amend,
 And to the Shades a guiltless Soul descend.

O Torture (the distracted Father cries;
 With Arms extended and uplifted Eyes)
 Too much, ye conscious Skies, for Men to bear!
 For This is Torment that exceeds despair.

The weeping Crowd around he then sur-
 vey'd,
 O if the Death of this illustrious Maid
 You wretched makes, her Death you only see,
 What must the Murderer her Father be?
 In Innocence your Sorrow finds Relief;
 I bear the double Load of Guilt and Grief.

World-

Worldly Greatness.

By Mr. Ezr. Simson.

WHat's worldly Empire, Pomp & Pow'r?
 The *Pageant-Triumph* of an Hour.
 Or if the Courtesy of Fate
 Prolong the Scene an Age's Dare,
 'Tis all that Fortune can bestow :
 And if for Life's-time lasts the Show,
 Not to a Minute 'twill amount
 In vast Eternity's Account.
 Were Heav'n so pleas'd, one Monarch may
 Arrive to universal Sway ;
 Mankind in sole Subjection have,
 Yet to his *Passions* be a *Slave*.
 Their stronger Forces shall invest
 Alarm, Assault, and Storm his Brest,
 And with the Havock there they make,
 Keep Him, as He the World, *Awake*.

H U-

H U M I L I T Y.

By the same Hand.

Much injur'd Grace, for being Mild,
 Meaness of Spirit Thou art still'd ;
 Thus senseless Mortals Thee defame,
 Who dost with Heav'n Alliance claim :
 'Tis Thou alone that dost inspire
 The Greatness that brave Souls Admire.
 The proudest Heroes of the Field
 To Thee the Prize of Fame must yield,
 To Thee belongs the first Renown,
 Thou only can'st the Glory own
 To Triumph o'er Fate's outmost Force,
 And Steer in Storms a steady Course,
 When Fortune tempts with flatt'ring Wiles,
 Thou only canst resist her Smiles ;
 And when her angry Tempests rise,
 Thou only canst her Frowns despise.

On

On the Day of Judgment ;

By the E. of Roscommon.

THe Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,
That shall the World in Ashes lay,
Tis coming——will not, cannot stay.

The Last loud Trumpet's wondrous Sound
Shall through the cleaving Graves rebound,
And Wake the Nations under Ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the conscious Wretches rise,
And view their Judge with frighted Eyes.

Then shall, with universal Dread,
The sacred Mystick Rolls be read,
To try the Living and the Dead.

The Judge ascends his awful Throne ;
But when he makes all Secrets known,
How will a Guilty Face be shown ?

What

What Intercessor shall I take,
To save my last important stake ;
When the most Just have cause to quake ?

Thou mighty Formidable King,
Mercy and Truth eternal Spring,
Some Charitable Pity bring.

Forget not what my Ransom cost ;
Nor let my dear bought Soul be lost
In storms of guilty Terror cost.

Thou who for me hast felt such Pain,
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain ;
Let not thy Birth and Death be Vain.

Thou whom avenging Powers obey,
Remit, before the Reckoning Day,
The Debt which I can never pay.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep : Accept my Tears.

Thou

Thou who wast mov'd with *Mary's* Grief,
And by Absolving of the Thief
Hast given me Hopes, oh! give me relief.

Oh! let thy Blood my Crimes deface,
And fix me with those Heirs of Grace
Whom Thou on thy Right-hand shalt place.

From that Portentuous vast Abyfs,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,
Call me to thy Eternal Bliss.

Prostrate, my contrite Heart I rend;
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end,

When Justice shall her Sword unsheath,
How will they Curse their second Breath,
Who rise to a severer Death?

Great God of Mercies pitty take
On Souls thou didst Immortal make,
Nor let their State be that of Woe,
Which must, if Once, be ever so.

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